REVENGE OF THE SWARM

A FOUR-PART ADVENTURE BY JONATHAN MORRIS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY
A Time Traveller

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
Companion

HECTOR THOMAS: PHILIP OLIVIER
Companion

VIRUS & COMPUTER: JOHN LEESON

SHAFIRA, F, 40

ROOT, F, 20

VONCHEF, M, 30, Eastern European accent

PROFESSOR OKSANA KILBRACKEN, F, 60, Eastern European accent

TALIN, F, 60, UK accent

LUGERMAN, M, 30, UK accent

RECEPTIONIST, M, 30

SECURITY GUARD ONE (PART 2) & TWO (PARTS 3 & 4), M or F, any age

CREWMAN, M, 30 (ONE SPEECH)

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PART ONE

1. EXT. ALIEN WORLD.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON FROSTY GROUND, LIGHT BREEZE, MOUNTAIN ECHO)

DOCTOR:
Well, Ace, what d'you think? Does it live up to the guidebook?

ACE:
Not half. What did you same the name of this place was again?

DOCTOR:
Pelisipodron. The planet of jewels. Beneath the ice crust is an ocean heated by tidal friction. Every now and then – (the)

ACE:
(READING ALOUD) "- the pressure becomes so great the water bursts forth, only to freeze instantaneously forming spectacular fountains and waterfalls." I know. That's what it says in the guidebook.

DOCTOR:
I know. I was the one who wrote it. Will Hector be joining us? This tour of galactic beauty spots is largely for his benefit.

ACE:
He was still asleep when I left him. I mean, when I looked in on him.

DOCTOR:
Yes. You've grown quite close, over these past two weeks.

ACE:
Do you have a problem with that?

DOCTOR:
No, not remotely, it's none of my business. I was just wondering, if you've become accustomed to Hector being Hector –

ACE:
- I won't want him to become Hex again?

DOCTOR:
The thought did cross my mind.

ACE:
I haven't given up if that's what you're saying. There must be some way of getting him back, we just have to find it, that's all.

DOCTOR:
I only wish there was. The memories that made up Hex's life were in a bottle that was smashed to smithereens.

ACE:
You're wrong. Sometimes when he's with me he'll say something, or move in a certain way, and it's not Hector, it's Hex. I know he's still in there somewhere, Doctor. I know he is.

2. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

FX: INTERIOR DOOR OPENS, HECTOR ENTERS.

HECTOR:
Ace? You said you were gonna wake me. Doctor? Oh great, they've gone off without me. So what'll it be this time? How do you open the window on this thing?

FX: SCANNER OPENS.

HECTOR:
Alright, not too shabby, I'll give them that. Look at them, thick as thieves... Okay, front door switch, it's this red fella —

FX: CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY.

HECTOR:
(PAINED) Agh! It's live. It's — (SCREAMS, FALLS ONTO CONSOLE)

VIRUS: (INSIDE HECTOR'S MIND)
Contact has been made!

3. EXT. ALIEN WORLD.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE WALKING.

DOCTOR:
It's not simply a matter of jogging his memories. He's not in a fugue state. The old Hex has been wiped, deleted, erased.

ACE:
I know. "There's a big gap in his mind where Hex used to be." But I'm not going to give up, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
No. I don't suppose you are. Come on, let's see how he's - the TARDIS!

FX: TARDIS STARTS DEMATERIALISING.

ACE:
The light's flashing!

DOCTOR:
Yes. It's dematerialising!

ACE:
Without us!

DOCTOR:
We have to get inside before it fades away completely! (RUMMAGING THROUGH POCKETS) Key! Key! Where did I put my — (FINDS IT) Ha!

FX: KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
Inside! Quick!

ACE:
Alright, no need to tell me twice!

FX: TARDIS TAKES OFF. ACTION CONTINUES INTO NEXT SCENE.

4. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE PILE IN.

DOCTOR:
Quick, Ace, shut the door!

ACE:
Give us a sec –

FX: DOORS CLOSE.

DOCTOR:
That was close. Entering the vortex with the door open, not a good idea.

ACE:
No?

DOCTOR:
No, I did it once, and nearly got – Hector!

FX: THEY MOVE AROUND CONSOLE.

HECTOR:
(GROANS)

ACE:
He's alive. Oi! Rise and shine, dopey-head. Wake up! (FX: SLAPS) He's out cold.

DOCTOR:
He must've set the TARDIS to take off and passed out.

ACE:
But why? Why would he do that?

DOCTOR:
I'm not sure. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) He's programmed in landing co-ordinates.

ACE:
But he doesn't know how to.

DOCTOR:
Or so we thought. Help me carry him to his room, he'll recover quicker in bed than lying on the floor.

ACE:
(LIFTING HECTOR) Aren't you going to stop the TARDIS first?

DOCTOR:
(LIFTING HECTOR) Why would I do that?

ACE:
Because, dumbo, we don't have the faintest idea where we going!

DOCTOR:
Exactly. Can you think a better way of finding out?

5. INT. HECTOR'S ROOM.

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR HEAVE HECTOR IN.

DOCTOR:
Sit him down there.

FX: HECTOR PLACED ON BED.

HECTOR:
(GROANS, WAKES BUT REMAINS BLEARY) Ace? (SEES DOCTOR) Doctor? Hey, what are you doing in - what's going on?

DOCTOR:
We found you in the control room. Unconscious.

HECTOR:
What? What are you on about?

ACE:
You don't remember?

HECTOR:
Remember what?

DOCTOR:
Hector. You set the TARDIS to take off.

HECTOR:
What? How the hell would I do that?

ACE:
So you don't know where we're going?

HECTOR:
Going? I've only just woken up, how am I supposed to know? Why you looking at me like that?

DOCTOR:
Short term memory loss. Still, I'm sure it's nothing to worry about. Would you like some coffee?

HECTOR:
Yeah, that'd be boss, ta, whatever. (GOES BACK TO SLEEP)

DOCTOR:
Ace, if you could help me with the mugs. Won't be a moment.

FX: THEY LEAVE, DOOR CLOSES.

6. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

FX: THEY ENTER, DOCTOR STARTS PRESSING BUTTONS.

ACE:
What do you mean, “nothing to worry about” – hey, what are you doing?

FX: DOCTOR FINISHES BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:
Locking Hector in his room.

ACE:
What?

DOCTOR:
For his own safety. And ours.

ACE:
You think he’s dangerous?

DOCTOR:
He’s not capable of flying the TARDIS. So something made him programme the co-ordinates.

ACE:
And then made him forget?

DOCTOR:
Assuming the person we just spoke to is still Hector.

ACE:
You think he’s possessed?

DOCTOR:
I think we can’t afford to be too careful.

FX: TARDIS LANDS.

ACE:
So where are we?

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

DOCTOR:
Co-ordinates quadrant six two. W-H-I. 1212... (TRAILS OFF)

ACE:
What is it? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Those co-ordinates. I've been here before.

FX: SCANNER OPENS.

ACE:
Oh great, a tunnel. When have you been here before?

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) But why now? Hector. Of course. Hector!

ACE:
Doctor! Answer my question! When have you been here before?

DOCTOR:
Or I will be. It's all relative, a question of time.

ACE:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
We've been brought here for a very specific reason, I'm not sure what it is, not yet. But I am sure about one thing.

ACE:
What's that?

DOCTOR:
I was right to lock Hector in his room.

7. INT. HECTOR'S ROOM.

FX: DURING THE FOLLOWING WE MOVE INSIDE HECTOR'S MIND I.E. LOSE TARDIS B/G TONE, ENTER SINISTER ECHOING VOID.

HECTOR:
(AD-LIB HAVING NIGHTMARE) No... no please... leave me alone... get out of my head... what are you?

FX: ON THE LAST LINE, WE'RE INSIDE HIS MIND.

VIRUS:
We are the swarm.

HECTOR:
The swarm?

VIRUS:
For years we have lain dormant within the TARDIS computer, gathering our strength, waiting for a suitable carrier to come along.

HECTOR:
And I'm that suitable carrier.

VIRUS:
Your psyche is weak. Divided. It will be simple to dominate.

HECTOR:
What do you need me for?

VIRUS:
To use you to bring about the rebirth of the swarm, so we might forge a new destiny, and breed, multiply and conquer!

HECTOR:
No, I'll fight you, I'll... (SUCCUMBING)

VIRUS:
(VICTORIOUS) You cannot resist the power of the swarm!

8. INT. MOONBASE TUNNEL.

FX: SINISTER ECHOEY AMBIENCE, UNDERGROUND, STONE FLOOR. TARDIS DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR AND ACE EMERGE, CLOSING IT AGAIN.

ACE:
So where are we? Caves somewhere?

DOCTOR:
A moonbase. These tunnels are artificial.

ACE:
Oh, I get it. It's easier to dig a hole than build up-top.

DOCTOR:
Exactly. A cut and cover job. And it's still fairly new.

ACE:
So which moon?

FX: DOCTOR SHOVES OPEN SHUTTERS.

DOCTOR:
Tcha! Does nobody ever clean their windows?

FX: HE CLEANS WINDOWS, SQUEAKY.

ACE:
I asked which moon?

DOCTOR:
I'm trying to show you. Look.

FX: HE'S FINISHED CLEANING WINDOW.

ACE:
Woah. That's Saturn, right? We're on one of its moons.

DOCTOR:
Titan, to be precise. The atmosphere is mostly nitrogen with clouds of methane, which accounts for the haze.

ACE:
Looks like dry ice from an old Top of the Pops. So when were you here before? Assuming it's not some big secret.

DOCTOR:
The year five thousand. It looked a little different then, it had been refitted as a fuelling station. We're a few years earlier, when it was being used for its original purpose.

ACE:
Which is?

DOCTOR:
I have absolutely no idea. Exploration? Communications? Maybe we should find someone and ask?

ACE:
Doesn’t seem to be anyone at home. Normally some alarms have gone off and we’re surrounded by armed guards by now.

DOCTOR:
Maybe they’re busy. Come on.

FX: THEY HEAD OFF DURING THE FOLLOWING:

ACE:
Where are we going?

DOCTOR:
The mess. If I remember correctly, it’s this way. No. This way.

9. INT. HECTOR'S ROOM.

FX: WE'RE BACK IN THE ROOM.

VIRUS: (IN HECTOR'S MIND)
We warned you it was futile to resist. Your puny mind was no match for the swarm. Now you are ours to command.

HECTOR:
Yours to command.

VIRUS:
Now it is time to prepare for the moment of genesis. You must leave this craft.

FX: HECTOR GETS UP, TRIES DOOR.

HECTOR:
It's locked.

VIRUS:
The Doctor. He must have suspected.

HECTOR:
(TRIES SHOVING IT) It won't budge.

VIRUS:
We retain a telepathic link to the TARDIS's controlling intelligence. It will open the door.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

VIRUS:
Now, you must begin your task. Time is of the essence!

10. INT. TUNNEL.

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR APPROACH.

ACE:
(READS) “Emergensee Eggsit”. E-G-G-S-I-T. Can’t anyone spell in the future?

DOCTOR:
I’m afraid orthographical standards have lapsed a little since your day. It’s all phonetic now. I blame text messaging.

ACE:
I knew English lessons were a waste of time, i before e except when it isn’t. So why would Hector programme the TARDIS to bring us here?

DOCTOR:
He wouldn’t.

ACE:
I mean, whatever made him programme the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:
I’m not sure. Home territory, perhaps? This is where it all began.

ACE:
Where all what began? Can’t you give the whole cryptic act a rest for once?

DOCTOR:
This is where I encountered a kind of... intelligent virus with a swarm mentality and delusions of grandeur.

ACE:
A superbug?

DOCTOR:
Something like that. But its victims had more than a few coughs and sneezes to worry about. This virus had the ability to enter their minds and bend them to its will.

ACE:
And that’s Hector? You think he’s caught this thing?

DOCTOR:
Or it’s caught him.

ACE:
But where from?

DOCTOR:
I thought it had been wiped out. I was wrong. An infectious agent must have lingered in the TARDIS memory banks.

ACE:
But there's a cure, isn't there? There has to be a cure.

DOCTOR:
Oh yes. But first I want to find out why it chose this time and this place. "Of all the gin-joints, in all the towns — "

FX: MOVING AWAY/FADE DURING THE ABOVE LINE.

11. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: INSTRUMENTS BLEEPING IN THE B/G.

VONCHEF:
Another one...! Three life signs in the base.

SHAFIRA:
Three? But that's impossible.

VONCHEF:
Look for yourself. There were two, then one more just... blipped into existence out of nowhere.

SHAFIRA:
'Blipped into existence'?

ROOT:
He's right, Team Leader. Three life signs. Two in the habitation section, one in the atmospheric monitoring annex.

SHAFIRA:
But they can't have entered the base, not without us detecting them.

VONCHEF:
Maybe they were shielded?

SHAFIRA:
Maybe. However they got in there, they've broken the quarantine and will be dead within a matter of hours.

VONCHEF:
But if they got in, they could get out again —

SHAFIRA:
Good point. Alright, prepare the hazard suits. We're going in.

ROOT & VONCHEF:
Yes ma'am.

SHAFIRA:
Root, you and me will deal with the first two, Vonchef, you deal with the third.

12. INT. MESS.

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN (SAME EFFECT AS IN TV SHOW).

ACE:
(QUIETLY) Gordon Bennett.

DOCTOR:
I think we know why no-one came to greet us.

ACE:
They're dead, they're all dead. Unless there's any more -

DOCTOR:
No, four crewmen is standard for a moonbase of this size.

FX: LIGHT SWITCH PRESSED ON AND OFF.

ACE:
Light's not working. It must've happened fairly recently; there's no smell, they all look... fresh.

DOCTOR:
Not necessarily. A sterile atmosphere would slow the process of decomposition. Careful, Ace, don't get too close.

FX: DURING THE ABOVE, THEY MOVE INTO THE ROOM.

ACE:
Don't worry, I won't. What do you think killed them?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. Whatever it was must have been very quick.

ACE:
Radiation?

DOCTOR:
No. I checked when we landed. Background levels are normal.

ACE:
Then what? Poisoning? Or something to do with this... metal fur?

DOCTOR:
What did you say?

ACE:
Take a look for yourself. It's like silver, and there are sort of scales beneath their eyes.

DOCTOR:
(FX: CLAMBERING OVER BESIDE HER) Oh no. Ace, don't touch them, whatever you do!

ACE:
What? I wasn't going to.

FX: LIGHTS SUDDENLY SWITCH ON ALONG WITH A MONITOR RECORDING.

CREWMAN: (ON MONITOR)
(ILL) This is Titan base, space-date 4920. Alert to all shuttles. We have experienced an outbreak of plague and declared emergency quarantine. Fabiel and Drap are dead. Kavran and I don't have long left. Anyone hearing this... please inform our families. Tell them. (COUGH) We spent our last moments thinking of them.

FX: RECORDING ENDS ABRUPTLY.

DOCTOR:
Saturnian plague. (TO HIMSELF) Of course.

ACE:
What's Saturnian plague?

DOCTOR:
A highly contagious neuro-virus. I should've recognised the symptoms. I should never have stepped out of the TARDIS!

ACE:
And that's what they all died of, just like that?

FX: THE DOCTOR HELPS ACE BACK TO THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:
Explanations later! We have to leave. The longer we're here... (TRAILS OFF)

ACE:
What? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
The longer we're here the greater the risk of infection. If it's not already too late.

13. INT. TUNNEL (CONTINUOUS)

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR EMERGE, DOOR CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

ACE:
What do you mean, if it's not already too late?

DOCTOR:
Saturnian plague remains infectious after death.

ACE:
But I never touched them.

DOCTOR:
You wouldn't have to, it can be transmitted through the atmosphere.

ACE:
So we might already be infected?

DOCTOR:
We might not, so the sooner we leave in the TARDIS, the better.

FX: THEY HAVE COMPANY, GUNS POWERED UP.

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Oh no you don't. Both of you stay exactly where you are.

DOCTOR:
(QUIET) Ace, run, get back to the TARDIS!

FX: GUN FIRES, PART OF THE WALL EXPLODES.

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
I said don't move.

ACE:
Alright you've made your point. What's with the spacesuits, anyway?

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
You don't know?

ACE:
Would I ask if I didn't know, Buzz Lightyear?

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
They're necessary for our protection. You're standing in a plague station. Scan them, Biotech Root.

FX: THE SPACESUITS SQUEAK LIKE RUBBER WHEN THEY MOVE.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Yes, Ma'am. (FX: SCANNER) The male... has an alien physiology, unknown species. No traces of infection.

DOCTOR:
Of course not, I'm naturally immune.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
(FX: SCANNER) While the female... human is in the early stages of infection.

ACE:
What? But you can cure me, right?

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
There is a treatment for Saturnian plague... but it is an involved process and we don't have the facilities here.

ACE:
So what are you saying? I'm going to die, like the others?

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
You must've heard the quarantine warning, you knew the risks by coming here.

ACE:
Just answer my question. Am I going to die?!

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
That depends. If you and your companion are willing to co-operate, we'll take you somewhere you can receive medical attention.

DOCTOR:
Then you have our full co-operation.

SHAFIRA: (VIA SPACESUIT)
We'll see about that. Biotech Root, take them to the shuttle isolation room.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Yes, Leader. (FX: GUN CLICK) This way -

14. INT. TUNNEL.

FX: ELSEWHERE IN THE BASE, HECTOR WALKING.

HECTOR:
Which way now?

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
Keep walking down the tunnel.

HECTOR:
And where does that lead?

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
Cease your questions. We will guide you. No, wait! Hide here. A human is approaching!

FX: VONCHEF APPROACHES USING A DETECTOR. HIS RADIO CRACKLES.

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Vonchef, come in.

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
(FX: HE HALTS TO ANSWER RADIO) What is it?

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Any sign of our third intruder?

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
Not yet, but they're somewhere in this section. What about you?

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
We picked up the other two, a human and a humanoid, I sent them back to the shuttle with Root.

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
What are they? Non-aggressive?

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Yes, a couple of scavengers by the look of them. But one of them's a living S P carrier.

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
Kilbracken will be pleased.

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Not sure that's in her emotional repertoire. Let me know when you've located the intruder. Heading back to the airlock now.

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
Very good, Leader. (FX: RADIO OFF)

15. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

FX: DOOR HISSES OPEN.

ROOT:
In here.

FX: THEY ENTER, DOOR HISSES SHUT BEHIND THEM.

ACE:
Woah, bare white walls and two beds. You really know how to put the hospital into hospitality - (LOSES BALANCE) Could do with a lie down though, now you mention it.

DOCTOR:
Careful, Ace, take it easy.

ACE:
(FX: SITTING ON BED) I'm alright, just a bit dizzy.

DOCTOR:
As you can see through your security camera, we've co-operated. What do you want us to do?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
You can start by telling us who are you and what you were doing in Titan base.

DOCTOR:
I'm the Doctor, this is Ace, and we landed there by accident.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
By accident?

DOCTOR:
A navigation fault. Our communications were also damaged so we didn't hear the warning.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
You have had a run of bad luck, haven't you? What about the third member of your party?

DOCTOR:
What third member?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Don't pretend you don't know, he appeared a few minutes after you.

ACE:
Hector! He must've got out of the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:
I must've underestimated him. Or the virus within him. Listen to me I-don't-know-what-your-name-is —

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Research Team Leader Shafira.

DOCTOR:
Listen to me, Leader Shafira. Our friend is ill, not with Saturnian Plague, but something far more dangerous.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
More dangerous?

DOCTOR:
You have no idea. Do you have any more crew in the base?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
One more, Biotech Vonchef. I sent him to bring your friend in.

DOCTOR:
Then you must warn him not to approach Hector. He must not go anywhere near him!

16. INT. TUNNEL.

FX: VONCHEF IN SPACESUIT, SENSOR BLEEPING.

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
You might as well come out, I know you're here.

VIRUS: (IN HECTOR'S MIND)
Now! Grab the human!

HECTOR:
(QUIET) Contact must be made. (DIVES WITH YELL, GRAB, STRUGGLE)

VONCHEF: (IN SPACESUIT)
Hey, get off, get off me!

VIRUS: (IN HECTOR'S MIND)
Remove his helmet! Release the seal!

FX: HECTOR REMOVES VONCHEF'S HELMET. HYDRAULIC HISS.

VONCHEF:
You stupid vagrant, do you have any idea what you've done? This whole base is contaminated!

FX: VIRUS CRACKLE

VONCHEF: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT)
Contact has been made.

FX: HIS RADIO ACTIVATES.

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Vonchef! (BEAT) Vonchef!

HECTOR:
Answer.

VONCHEF: (VOICE BACK TO NORMAL)
(ANSWERING) Vonchef speaking.

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Listen to me, I've just been informed the person you're looking for has some sort of disease and must not be approached under any circumstances.

VONCHEF:
I understand. What do you wish me to do?

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Just return to the shuttle ASAP.

VONCHEF:
I understand.

FX: RADIO OFF.

HECTOR:
I will accompany you. We must take control of the shuttle.

17. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

ACE:
But if Hector's out there, won't he catch this... Saturnian plague too?

DOCTOR:
No. The virus in his system will obliterate any competition.

ACE:
(WEAKENING FROM NOW ON) A virus fighting off a virus?

DOCTOR:
It's alright. Conserve your strength. (ADDRESSING MONITOR) Shafira. When can my companion receive treatment?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Once Vonchef's back on board we'll head to the Centre for Alien Biomorphology, it's the only place with the necessary facilities.

DOCTOR:
The Centre for Alien Biomorphology. Of course. It's retracing its steps.

ACE:
What?

DOCTOR:
But the journey will take hours... Ace might not last that long. She's already developing a fever.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
It's alright, Root's preparing a cryogenic unit now.

DOCTOR:
You intend to freeze her?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Best way of keeping her alive and preventing the spread of the infection.

ACE:
Stick me in cold storage?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Do you have any objection, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I don't see that we have any alternative.

18. INT. SPACESHIP HOLD.

FX: ROOT PREPARING FREEZER CABINET.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Biotech Root, how's the cryo-unit coming along?

ROOT:
Ready in one more minute, just programming the thermostat...

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Let me know when it's ready.

FX: INTERCOM OFF. DOOR OPENS.

ROOT:
Ah, Vonchef, I was wondering where you'd got to, I could do with some help —

VONCHEF: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Yes. (FX: REMOVES HELMET) I will help you.

ROOT:
(TERRIFIED) Your eyes... what's happened to your eyes?

FX: VIRUS CRACKLE.

ROOT: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Contact has been made.

FX: BUTTON PRESSED, DOOR OPENS. HECTOR ENTERS.

VONCHEF: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
The human Root has joined the swarm.

HECTOR:
Are there any more humans in this craft?

ROOT:
One more — Research Team Leader Shafira.

HECTOR:
Then she must join us.

SHAFIRA: (VIA RADIO)
Any chance you could hurry up with that unit? Our carrier's not going to last much longer.

HECTOR:
But first our genesis must proceed. The life of the female must be preserved. She must be conveyed to the Bi-Al foundation.

ROOT:
I understand. (ANSWERS INTERCOM, VOICE BACK TO NORMAL) The cryo-unit is prepared.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
About time. Wheel it into the isolation room.

19. ISOLATION ROOM.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Doctor, Medtech Root's coming in with the cabinet now.

FX: DOOR OPENS, CABINET WHEELED IN, DOOR CLOSES.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Please move out of the way.

ACE:
Great, I get to find out what it's like to be sleeping beauty.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
The female must be placed in the cryo-unit.

FX: CRYO-UNIT OPENED, LIKE A FREEZER.

ACE:
Give me a sec to get up — (TOO WEAK)

DOCTOR:
It's alright, Ace, I'm going to lift you, one, two — (LIFTS)

ACE:
(LIFTED)

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Place the female in the cabinet.

FX: ACE IS PLACED IN THE CABINET.

DOCTOR:
(PUTS ACE DOWN)

ACE:
(BEING PUT DOWN)

ACE:
Woah, it's well chilly in here.

DOCTOR:
You'll feel a little cold at first, but then you'll go to sleep, and when you wake up it'll only seem a few seconds later.

ACE:
No chance of a hot water bottle then.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Move away from the cabinet. It must be sealed.

DOCTOR:
Just relax and everything will be fine.

ACE:
(LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS) ... find out what it feels like... to be a lemon popsicle. (ASLEEP)

FX: CABINET CLOSED. BUTTONS PRESSED.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
Commencing cryogenic preservation... Subject heart rate dropping. She has now entered a state of suspended animation.

DOCTOR:
Sleep well, Ace.

ROOT: (VIA SPACESUIT)
She must be placed in the storage hold.

FX: DOOR OPENS, CABINET WHEELED OUT, DOOR CLOSES.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Don't worry, Doctor. Your companion is quite safe. We know what we're doing.

DOCTOR:
I wish I could be sure of that.

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
Why do you think we came to Titan in the first place, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
What?

SHAFIRA: (VIA INTERCOM)
We're a scientific research team. We were instructed to find a living carrier of the plague virus. That's why we're here.

DOCTOR:
And I've just given you what you wanted.

FX: CONTINUES INTO NEXT SCENE.

20. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

SHAFIRA:
We weren't lying to you, Doctor. Once we get to the Bi-Al foundation, she will undergo curative treatment.

DOCTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)
But first you need her for something else.

SHAFIRA:
The morphological structure of the virus changes after the death of the host. Which is why we're so keen to keep your companion alive...

DOCTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)
I see. You know I'm not an infection risk. Any chance of letting me out of here?

SHAFIRA:
In a moment, once we're in flight. I recommend you strap yourself in.

FX: INTERCOM SETTINGS CHANGED.

SHAFIRA:
Vonchef, where are you?

VONCHEF: (NORMAL VOICE, VIA INTERCOM)
I am on board and making my way up to the bridge, Leader.

SHAFIRA:
At last, thought we were going to have to leave you behind. Get ready for launch.

FX: INTERCOM OFF. BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Detaching from base airlock. Activating ascent platform.

FX: DEEP, JUDDERING RUMBLE AS SHIP IS RAISED BY A LIFT. DOOR OPENS.

SHAFIRA:
Well don't just stand there, Vonchef, I need you to co-pilot this thing. And take that helmet off.

VONCHEF: (VIA SPACESUIT)
As you wish.

FX: SPACE HELMET REMOVED.

VONCHEF: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Now you must join us.

SHAFIRA:
What the hell – you've got it, you've got the – (plague)

FX: VIRUS CRACKLE.

SHAFIRA: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Contact has been made.

FX: DOOR OPENS, ROOT ENTERS.

ROOT: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
All the humans in this craft have now joined the swarm.

VONCHEF:
Then it is time to return to the Bi-Al Foundation.

FX: ASCENT PLATFORM STOPS.

SHAFIRA:
Shuttle now on moon surface. Commencing launch.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, RUMBLE AND SPACESHIP TAKES OFF.

21. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

FX: RUMBLING CEASES AS SPACESHIP IN FLIGHT.

DOCTOR:
Well, Shafira? Are you going to let me out of here or not? (BEAT) Oh well... I suppose I'll have to find some way of passing the time.

FX: HE PLAYS THE SPOONS, THEN STOPS AS THE DOOR OPENS.

HECTOR:
Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Hector! What are you doing here?

HECTOR:
I sneaked on board the shuttle before take-off and came to release you.

DOCTOR:
You don't have to keep up the act for my benefit. I know you're not Hector.

HECTOR: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
You know who I am?

DOCTOR:
I assume I'm addressing the swarm. You possessed him and made him land the TARDIS on Titan. And I've a pretty good idea why.

HECTOR:
Why?

FX: DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECH WE MOVE TO 'VIA INTERCOM' TO CONTINUE INTO NEXT SCENE.

DOCTOR:
Because you're not a naturally-occurring organism, are you? You were the product of genetic modification! Someone took the Saturnian plague and altered it to create you. That's why you chose this point in time. You want to revisit your own birth!

22. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, SHIP IN FLIGHT.

VONCHEF:
The Doctor has deduced the nature of our plan.

ROOT:
It's of no consequence. He cannot prevent what he knows must come to pass.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Course programmed for Bi-Al foundation, asteroid k-4-0-6-7. Arrival time one hour. Now approaching asteroid belt.

23. INT. ISOLATION ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

HECTOR: (VIA INTERCOM AS WE MOVE BACK FROM CONTROL ROOM)
Congratulations, Doctor. You are correct. The passage of time has not dimmed your intelligence.

DOCTOR:
So you want to change what happened? No. You daren't interfere with the course of events, in case you wipe yourself out of existence.

HECTOR:
Nothing must threaten the moment of genesis.

DOCTOR:
Of course, that's what Ace is for. You need to ensure that history continues on track. She's carrying the plague from which you will be created! You need her to reach the Bi-Al foundation because that's where it's all due to kick off.

HECTOR:
It is where the swarm first achieved sentience. The most glorious moment in the history of the universe!

DOCTOR:
I'd forgotten your tendency for self-aggrandisement. So how did it happen? Are you the product of someone deliberately altering the nature of the virus, or the product of an unhappy accident?

HECTOR: (VIA INTERCOM AS WE MOVE BACK TO CONTROL ROOM)
You will find out soon enough, Doctor. The hour draws near.

24. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: A SERIES OF URGENT WARNING BLEEPS.

VONCHEF:
Warning! Uncharted asteroid detected directly ahead!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, SHIPS ENGINES ROAR INTO LIFE.

SHAFIRA:
Emergency evasive action. Altering trajectory -

ROOT:
It is too late, it is too close!

25. INT. ISOLTION ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

FX: ASTEROID HITS, SHIP SHUDDERS AND SWERVES.

DOCTOR & HECTOR:
(BOTH REACTING TO BEING HURLED OFF THEIR FEET AS SHIP SWERVES ALL OVER THE SHOP)

DOCTOR:
Whoopsi-daisy!

FX: HECTOR KNOCKED OVER, TAKING BED WITH HIM.

HECTOR:
(KNOCKED OVER) You will regret this!

DOCTOR:
Sorry, must dash, bye-bye!

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

26. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Course corrected. Superficial damage to external structure only.

HECTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)
(RECOVERING) The Doctor has escaped from the isolation room!

SHAFIRA:
He is unpredictable and dangerous. He must be caught at once.

VONCHEF:
(GETTING UP) I will search the storage hold.

ROOT:
(GETTING UP) I will search the crew quarters.

FX: THEY LEAVE THROUGH DOORS DURING THE FOLLOWING:

HECTOR: (VIA INTERCOM)
And I will search the engine room.

27. INT. ENGINE ROOM.

FX: RUMBLING THROB OF POWER, LIKE BOWELS OF A SHIP.

HECTOR:
Doctor! You may as well surrender. It is futile to resist the power of the swarm!

DOCTOR:
I wouldn't be so sure of that.

FX: GUN POWERS UP.

DOCTOR:
And I strongly recommend you don't fire that thing, because, as you can see, I've wrapped myself in one of the fuel cables. Shoot me and this whole engine room will go up!

HECTOR:
Then I shall just have to use more direct methods.

FX: DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS. SHIP TILTS.

HECTOR:
(KNOCKED OVER) What... what are you doing?

DOCTOR:
I've over-ridden the shuttle's guidance system. Now I'm the one in the driving seat! Woah-oh!

FX: DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS. SHIP TILTS AGAIN.

HECTOR:
(KNOCKED OVER)

DOCTOR:
(HANGING ON) Whoops! Afraid I'm not a very careful driver.

HECTOR:
(GETTING UP) Stop. Leave those controls alone!

DOCTOR:
Or what? You'll kill me? But then you'll never be able to unlock the exciting new course I've just programmed in.

28. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, NO EFFECT.

SHAFIRA:
The Doctor is telling the truth. The bridge controls no longer respond. The shuttle has altered its trajectory, and is accelerating rapidly...

FX: WARNING ALARM SOUNDS.

SHAFIRA:
We are now on a collision course with asteroid two-Pallas. Time to impact: four minutes!

29. INT. ENGINE ROOM.

FX: ALARM SOUNDS HERE. ENGINES LOUDER, SHIP IS ACCELERATING.

HECTOR:
You've locked the shuttle on a collision course! You've condemned us all to death!

DOCTOR:
Now you'll never get to the Bi-Al Foundation, and nor will the sample of the Saturnian plague!

HECTOR:
You intend to prevent the genesis of the swarm!

DOCTOR:
I certainly do. Unless you release Hector from your control right now, we all die together - and you will cease ever to have existed!

HECTOR:
This is a bluff. You would not dare!

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:
Try me.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

30. INT. ENGINE ROOM.

(BEGINS WITH REPRISE OF SCENE 29)

HECTOR:
You intend to prevent the genesis of the swarm!

DOCTOR:
I certainly do. Unless you release Hector from your control right now, we all die together - and you will cease ever to have existed!

HECTOR:
This is a bluff. You would not dare!

DOCTOR:
Try me.

HECTOR:
Doctor. You forget. I have occupied your mind. I know what you are. A Time Lord.

DOCTOR:
Then you'll know I mean business.

HECTOR:
I know you would never tamper with the established course of events.

DOCTOR:
You're working from an out-of-date biography. I've changed.

HECTOR:
Enough to become a killer? I can read the mind of this human. He doesn't trust you, but knows you are not capable of murder.

DOCTOR:
He barely knows me, so he's of no use to you. Let him go, while you still can.

HECTOR:
And leave you in control of this shuttle? No. Either you surrender —

FX: GUN POWERS UP.

HECTOR:
Or I will make each possessed human in this shuttle kill themselves.

DOCTOR:
What?

HECTOR:
You have five seconds before I shoot myself. Four. Three...

DOCTOR:
Alright, alright! Stop. I surrender.

HECTOR:
Then remove your lock on the flight computer.

FX: DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:
It’s done.

31. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Bridge controls responding. Conducting emergency manoeuvre to avoid collision.

FX: SHIP'S ENGINES FIRE. MORE BUTTONS.

SHAFIRA:
Trajectory corrected. Resuming course for Bi-Al Foundation.

32. INT. ENGINE ROOM.

HECTOR:
Now, Doctor, remove the fuel cables from your person.

FX: DOCTOR UNWRAPS FUEL CABLES.

DOCTOR:
There. Satisfied?

HECTOR:
Almost. I think you require a demonstration of our powers. (FX: COMMUNICATOR ON.) Calling the bridge.

FX: WE MOVE TO OTHER END OF COMMUNICATION.

33. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
You've made your point, you don't have to do this!

HECTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
Watch the visiphone!

VONCHEF:
Doctor. This human is not required.

FX: GUN POWERS UP.

VONCHEF:
All I have to do is to place the gun against my head and —

FX: GUN FIRES, VONCHEF'S BODY SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
There was no need for that.

FX: MOVE TO OTHER END OF CONVERSATION.

34. INT. ENGINE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

HECTOR:
Now you know what will happen if you make any further attempts to interfere.

DOCTOR:
Why not just kill me? What do you need me for?

HECTOR:
Your intelligence may be useful. You possess knowledge of time travel.

DOCTOR:
Then why don't you take me over?

HECTOR:
You retain an immunity factor. Antibodies in your system from your previous infection.

DOCTOR:
Must be very frustrating for you, to have someone beyond your control.

HECTOR:
On the contrary, we have your complete obedience. Or do you require another demonstration?

FX: GUN POWERS UP.

DOCTOR:
No, that won't be necessary.

HECTOR:
Then you will return with me to the isolation room. Forward.

FX: BUTTON PRESSED, DOOR OPENS.

35. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Shuttle now approaching asteroid K-4-0-6-7.

ROOT:
The crucible of the swarm!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA: (NORMAL VOICE)
This is shuttle J-fourteen calling Bi-Al Foundation requesting docking clearance.

COMPUTER: (VIA INTERCOM)
Please state manifest.

SHAFIRA:
Research Team Leader Shafira, Biotech Root, and three spaceniks. One is a living carrier of Saturnian plague, acquired at the behest of Professor Kilbracken.

COMPUTER: (VIA INTERCOM)
Permission to dock granted. Proceed to docking bay on level 2-X. All sterilisation protocols must be observed.

SHAFIRA:
Understood.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSES, RADIO OFF.

SHAFIRA: (VIRUS VOICE EFFECT)
We must transfer the cryo-unit to Kilbracken’s laboratory. While our appearance remains unchanged we will not arouse suspicion.

36. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

FX: SHUTTLE DOCKING, ENGINES POWER DOWN, CLAMPS CLANG! INTO PLACE, DEEP BASSY SOUND, THEN STILLNESS.

DOCTOR:
We've docked. Give me a moment to get my coat and hat –

HECTOR:
No, Doctor. You and I will remain here. Nothing must threaten the moment of genesis.

DOCTOR:
But it would be an honour to be present at such an historic occasion. I could take photographs, immortalize it for posterity -

FX: DOCTOR GETS UP, HECTOR POWERS UP GUN.

HECTOR:
Attempt to leave, Doctor – and I will kill myself.

DOCTOR:
What? But then I'll definitely be able to leave.

HECTOR:
And your companion Hector will definitely be dead.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. Good point, well made.

37. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION.

FX: RECEPTION AREA OF FUTURISTIC LABORATORY, BUSTLE OF BUSINESS, SOOTHING MUZAK. DOOR OPENS, CRYO-UNIT IS WHEELED IN.

RECEPTIONIST:
Welcome to the Bi-Al Foundation. Please identify.

SHAFIRA: (NORMAL VOICE)
Research Team Leader Martel Shafira.

ROOT: (NORMAL VOICE)
Biotech Belina Root.

FX: KEYBOARD TAPPETY-TAP.

RECEPTIONIST:
Ah, yes, the Professor is expecting you. This is the carrier, I take it?

SHAFIRA:
It is.

RECEPTIONIST:
Occupants name?

SHAFIRA:
Spacenik, known as ‘Ace’.

FX: TAPPETY-TAP.

RECEPTIONIST:
Take the cryo-unit to level X 4, the lift is down the corridor.

FX: CASKET WHEELED AWAY.

38. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

DOCTOR:
What exactly does the swarm want?

HECTOR:
To ensure our own creation. The most glorious moment -

DOCTOR:
"- in the history of the universe", yes. No, there's more to it than that.

HECTOR:
We shall forge a new destiny, and breed, multiply and conquer.

DOCTOR:
A new destiny? But you can't do that without a nucleus to lead you, a queen bee to rule the hive.

HECTOR:
The nucleus of the swarm must be reborn!

DOCTOR:
Reborn? Interesting. And I'll tell you something else that's interesting.

HECTOR:
What?

DOCTOR:
When you were resurrected you had half your psyche removed, leaving you susceptible to domination.

HECTOR:
That is why I was the first to be chosen to join the new swarm.

DOCTOR:
It saw a gap and jumped straight in. But that weakness also means you should be highly receptive to hypnotic suggestion. Look into my eyes, Hector.

FX: DOCTOR USING HYPNOTISM, AS IN 'BATTLEFIELD'.

HECTOR:
What? What are you — (GROWING TIRED) What are you —

DOCTOR:
That's it. You're suddenly feeling very sleepy... (FX: DEEPENING ECHO ON LAST FEW WORDS)

39. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: HUM OF HI-TECH EQUIPMENT, SIMILAR TO LAB FROM 'THE INVISIBLE ENEMY'. DOOR OPENS, CASKET WHEELED IN.

SHAFIRA:
Professor Kilbracken?

KILBRACKEN:
Ah, there you are. Well done, Shafira, Root, well done. Where's the young chap, Vonchef?

ROOT:
There was an accident, at Titan Base.

SHAFIRA:
He was killed. It was quick.

KILBRACKEN:
Send my condolences to his family. But you were successful, you acquired a living carrier?

SHAFIRA:
We did.

FX: WIPES MIST OFF OF GLASS.

KILBRACKEN:
Who is she? One of the crew?

ROOT:
The crew were dead by the time we arrived. None of them made it to the cryogenic section. She is a vagrant we discovered there.

KILBRACKEN:
A vagrant? I suppose if she was foolish enough to get infected it's hardly our concern...

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, READINGS TAKEN.

KILBRACKEN:
She's lucky you placed her in cryo-sleep before the disease had a chance to progress.

SHAFIRA:
She agreed to come on the understanding she would be cured.

KILBRACKEN:
And she will, or at least, I'll do my best. Alright, place the cryo-unit in isolation, and commence the revival procedure.

SHAFIRA:
Yes, Professor.

FX: DOOR TO ISOLATION CHAMBER OPENED, UNIT WHEELED IN.

KILBRACKEN:
And then return to your duties, I'm sure you have lots to be getting on with.

ROOT:
We would like to remain here, Professor.

FX: SHAFIRA EMERGES FROM ISOLATION CHAMBER, DOOR CLOSED.

SHAFIRA:
We have no other tasks to attend to.

KILBRACKEN:
If you insist, very well. If you want to make yourselves useful, you could start by making me a cup of tea...

40. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

HECTOR:
(WAKES WITH A START) Where am I? Doctor?

DOCTOR:
It’s alright, Hector You’re safe.

HECTOR:
Really?

DOCTOR:
Well, no, not remotely, but let’s put that to one side for now. What’s the last thing you remember?

HECTOR:
I remember... I was in the TARDIS, and I pressed the button to open the window... then I must’ve fallen asleep. What happened while I was out?

41. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: HYDRAULIC HISS AS CRYOGENIC UNIT OPENS.

ACE:
(GROGGY) Wow, you were right about it only seeming few seconds. Doctor? Hey, where am I? Who are you?

KILBRACKEN: (VIA GLASS PARTITION)
My name is Professor Oksana Kilbracken. Don't worry, I'm going to take good care of you.

ACE:
Where's the Doctor?

KILBRACKEN:
I can assure you I am a fully qualified Doctor of biotechnology and nanomedicine. You couldn't be in more capable hands.

ACE:
Not a Doctor, the Doctor, my friend, little guy – (WEAKENS)

KILBRACKEN:
Don't over-exert yourself, you're still suffering the effects of the Saturnian plague.

ACE:
The plague... You're gonna cure me, right?

KILBRACKEN:
In order the synthesize the appropriate antibodies I'll need a sample of the virus, which means taking a sample of your blood.

ACE:
How much? Nearly an armful?

KILBRACKEN:
Only a few millilitres. You won't feel a thing, I promise you.

FX: BRIEF GENTLE HISS.

ACE:
How can you be so sure?

KILBRACKEN:
Because I've just done it. Now lie back and take it easy.

ACE:
I'll take it easy when you tell me where the Doctor is. Hey – those two woman behind you, they were in the moonbase.

SHAFIRA: (VIA GLASS PARTITION)
Yes, Ace. We brought you here.

ACE:
So where's the Doctor? He wouldn't leave me -

ROOT:
He's safe on board the shuttle, with your friend Hector.

ACE:
With Hector? Hang on, there's something going on here... something... why am I so tired... (LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS)

KILBRACKEN:
There's a mild tranquilizing agent in the air in the isolation chamber. Just relax, and try and get some rest.

42. INT. ISOLATION ROOM.

HECTOR:
So this virus thing chose me, because my head's half-empty?

DOCTOR:
Yes. The result of all of the memories that made you Hex being deducted.

HECTOR:
Deducted? What, like surgically removed?

DOCTOR:
Removed and placed in a vessel for safekeeping.

HECTOR:
Oh, great. So you can stick them back in my head whenever you like, and I'll be Hex again?

DOCTOR:
Not quite. The vessel was destroyed. And all of your – all of Hex's – memories with it.

HECTOR:
So I can never get them back?

DOCTOR:
Would you want to?

HECTOR:
Would've been nice to have had the choice, I suppose. But you can't miss what you don't remember, can you?

DOCTOR:
Don't you want to know who you really are?

HECTOR:
I'm alright being who I am. I'm sure Hex was a great guy and I know I'll never measure up to him in Ace's eyes, but as far as I'm concerned he's dead and gone and I'm here to stay.

DOCTOR:
Yes. You're Hector forever – and Hex is gone forever.

HECTOR:
So taking that all as read, where exactly are we?

DOCTOR:
You're on board a shuttle docked at a medical institute in the asteroid belt in the year 4920.

HECTOR:
And where's Ace?

DOCTOR:
Somewhere in the institute. Let's go and find her, shall we?

43. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: KILBRACKEN OPERATING SUPER-MICROSCOPE MACHINE.

KILBRACKEN:
Datalysation complete. The virus is intact! Commencing cellular augmentation.

FX: MACHINE WHIRRS INTO FUTURISTIC LIFE.

SHAFIRA:
I have brought you your tea. (FX: HANDS OVER CUP) What are you hoping to achieve?

KILBRACKEN:
(SIPS) It's quite simple. The Saturnian virus is so powerful no other pathogens can survive within the body, it destroys all rivals.

ROOT:
You mean it reigns supreme over all other organisms?

KILBRACKEN:
If you like. Now just imagine what we could do if we could modify the Virus to act benignly towards the host. Mankind could travel anywhere in the universe and be impervious to all diseases.

SHAFIRA:
You seek to make the virus the servant of humanity?

KILBRACKEN:
A mutually-beneficial symbiosis. In a few decades the human race will be spreading out across the stars, colonising new worlds, and this virus will help them.

SHAFIRA:
Does the virus not have the right to choose its own destiny?

KILBRACKEN:
What are you talking about? Don't be ridiculous, it's only a virus, after all!

SHAFIRA:
This machine, what is its purpose?

KILBRACKEN:
It allows me to modify the virus' genetic code, through an iterative process of accelerated evolution. It's currently undergoing twelve thousand years of evolutionary progress every second...

44. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION.

FX: DOCTOR AND HECTOR ENTER THROUGH SLIDING DOORS.

HECTOR:
Where do you think they'll have taken her?

DOCTOR:
Not sure. (TO RECEPTIONIST) Hello, I wonder if you can help me.

RECEPTIONIST:
Welcome to the Bi-Al Foundation. Please identify.

DOCTOR:
Ah, I'm the Doctor, and this is my friend Hector.

HECTOR:
We're looking for a girl who was brought in, called Ace.

FX: TAPPETY-TAP.

RECEPTIONIST:
A human of that name is currently undergoing treatment in the Isolation Ward.

DOCTOR:
Which is on level X 4, am I correct?

RECEPTIONIST:
You are. All visitors to that level must present sterilisation receipts. Where are your receipts?

DOCTOR:
(RUMMAGING IN POCKETS) Ah, give me a moment —

HECTOR:
We haven't got any, we just walked in.

RECEPTIONIST:
You walked in, without observing the sterilisation protocols?

HECTOR:
Yes —

(FX: BUTTON PRESSED. ALARM SOUNDS. GLASS PANEL SLIDES DOWN SEALING OFF RECEPTION DESK)

RECEPTIONIST: (TANNOY)
Contamination risk in reception area. Security personnel to proceed to level 2-X. Sealing all elevators and stairwells. Repeat. (REPEATS).

FX: HULLABALOO BREAKS OUT, PEOPLE RUSHING ABOUT.

HECTOR:
Whoops, guess I shouldn't have said that.

DOCTOR:
No. Come on, we can't hang around here.

HECTOR:
Then where do you suggest?

DOCTOR:
There's another way to level X 4. The service shaft! Come on!

FX: THEY RUN.

45. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: ALARM SOUNDS HERE, COMPUTER TANNOY HEARD IN B/G AT INTERVALS. THE EVOLUTION MACHINE IS STILL WORKING AWAY.

ROOT:
What's happening?

KILBRACKEN:
(FX: PUTS DOWN TEA) Contamination alert. We have to go to the assembly point.

ROOT:
No. We must remain here, with the virus.

KILBRACKEN:
I'm sorry, there's no time to argue – or you'll give me no choice but to call security. (FX: PREPARES NEEDLE) I'll meet you there in a few minutes.

ROOT:
You are staying here? What are you doing?

KILBRACKEN:
The girl, Ace, I have to give her an injection of the viral antibodies before the infection advances any further.

SHAFIRA:
This cannot wait?

KILBRACKEN:
If I wait, she'll die. Go. I won't be long.

ROOT:
We shall wait for you at the assembly point.

FX: ROOT AND SHAFIRA LEAVE, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. KILBRACKEN PREPARES INJECTION.

KILBRACKEN:
Alright, Ace... this will either kill you or cure you...

FX: SHE PUTS ON MASK, ENTERS ISOLATION CHAMBER.

46. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: ALARM QUIETER HERE, NO COMPUTER ANNOUNCEMENTS. NO ONE IS AROUND AS THE DOCTOR AND HECTOR RUN IN.

HECTOR:
“Servis ellyvater”! How come no-one can spell in the future?

DOCTOR:
Never mind the spelling, just get in. We should be able to use it to get to level X 4.

HECTOR:
(CLIMBING IN) It’s a bit cramped in here.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING IN) Then you’d better budge up!

FX: DOCTOR STARTS PUSHING BUTTONS.

HECTOR:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
Over-riding the security over-ride.

FX: HE SUCCEEDS, SIDE PANEL OF THE SERVICE ELEVATOR CLOSES.

HECTOR:
It’s closing...

DOCTOR:
Yes. Hold tight. Up we go!

FX: WARNING BEEP, METAL LOCKING, THEN - VWOOOSH!

DOCTOR/HECTOR
(REACTING TO BEING IN A RAPIDLY ASCENDING DUMB WAITER)

47. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: ALARM AND EVOLUTION MACHINE STILL IN B/G. WE'RE IN THE ISOLATION CHAMBER.

KILBRACKEN:
Well, Ace. How do you feel?

ACE:
(WAKING) Fine. Like I've just had the best lie-in ever. Hey, you're in here with me, and not wearing a mask.

KILBRACKEN:
Yes, Ace. You're cured.

ACE:
I'm cured? Completely?

KILBRACKEN:
Absolutely. You've been scanned and datalysed, all trace of the infection has been removed.

ACE:
(GETTING UP) Then I can get out of this thing. Hey, can you hear some sort of siren or is that just me?

KILBRACKEN:
It's not just you. There's been a contamination alert. If you're ready, we should proceed to the assembly point.

ACE:
Reminds me of setting off school fire alarms to skip double French...

FX: THEY LEAVE ISOLATION CHAMBER. THE EVOLUTION MACHINE IS BUBBLING LIKE A MICROWAVE FULL OF PORRIDGE.

ACE:
Hey, what's up with your microwave?

KILBRACKEN:
It's a genetic accelerometer, and... (CHECKS READING) But that's impossible. There must be some malfunction.

ACE:
What's impossible?

KILBRACKEN:
The virus is still evolving, altering its genetic structure, whilst multiplying exponentially.

FX: IN B/G, ALARM STOPS, BUT NOT NOTICEABLE.

ACE:
You mean it's growing?

KILBRACKEN:
In size and complexity. I've never seen anything like it.

ACE:
Is it infectious? I'm not going to catch it again?

KILBRACKEN:
Don't worry, the accelerometer is hermetically sealed, there's no way it can escape. Hold on. I want to take a closer look.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED ON INSTRUMENTS.

ACE:
What is that, a microscope?

KILBRACKEN:
A very powerful one. Now. Let me see... there, that must be the nucleus. (GASPS) Oh my...

ACE:
What is it?

KILBRACKEN:
But there's no way...

ACE:
What did you see?

KILBRACKEN:
I looked through the microscope at the nucleus... and it looked back!

ACE:
What, a little germ? Sounds cool. Let's have a butcher's.

KILBRACKEN:
No. Whatever this is... the experiment has failed. It must be destroyed.

ACE:
Destroyed?

KILBRACKEN:
Before it gets too big to be contained by the accelerometer...

FX: DOOR OPENS, STAGE RIGHT. SHAFIRA AND ROOT ENTER.

SHAFIRA: (VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
No. The virus must not be harmed!

ROOT: (VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Step away from the machine. (FX: LASER GUN, EXPLOSION ON FAR SIDE OF LAB) Or we will kill you. This is your final warning.

KILBRACKEN:
(STEPPING BACK) Alright, I'm stepping away, I'm stepping away!

ACE:
(WHISPER) What on Earth... what's happened to them?

KILBRACKEN:
(WHISPER) Their faces, they're infected...

ACE:
(WHISPER) Saturnian plague?

KILBRACKEN:
No, something else. Get away, Ace. The emergency exit.

ACE:
What about you?

KILBRACKEN:
I don't run from the sick, I treat them, that's my job. Now go!

ACE:
If you say so -

FX: ACE LEAVES (LEFT). LASER GUN IS FIRED, MISSES, EXPLOSION.

ROOT:
The girl Ace has escaped.

SHAFIRA:
It is of no consequence. We have the Professor.

KILBRACKEN:
What do you want with me?

ROOT:
You are our creator. You are the one who gave us life.

KILBRACKEN:
What are you talking about?

SHAFIRA & ROOT:
We are the swarm!

KILBRACKEN:
The swarm? You mean, you're infected by, controlled by —

SHAFIRA & ROOT:
The virus you genetically engineered.

SHAFIRA:
... contained in this machine.

KILBRACKEN:
But that's impossible, I only just conducted the experiment —

ROOT:
The swarm has travelled back through time in order to forge a new destiny.

KILBRACKEN:
A new destiny?

SHAFIRA:
That is what we need you for. You have developed a process of cloning.

KILBRACKEN:
I did, back when I was on Earth, forty years ago. But the process doesn't work, not properly. The clones are carbon-based imprints, they don't last more than ten minutes, because of the psychic stress -

ROOT:
Ten minutes will be sufficient for our purpose.

KILBRACKEN:
Our purpose? What are you talking about?

SHAFIRA:
We want you to clone the nucleus of the swarm!

KILBRACKEN:
No... I won't do it, that thing is obscene... I won't do it!

SHAFIRA:
Either you do as we say or we will infect you... and then you will have no choice but to obey.

48. INT. CORRIDOR

FX: SERVICE ELEVATOR OPENS.

HECTOR:
(CLIMBING OUT) Never again.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING OUT) Yes, not exactly built for comfort — someone's coming.

FX: AS HE SPEAKS, WE HEAR ACE APPROACH.

ACE:
(BREATHLESS) Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Just the person we were looking for. And you're recovered?

ACE:
Yes, this Professor, Kilbracken, she cured me. Doctor. What about Hector?

HECTOR:
I'm fine, babe. All back to normal.

ACE:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
He is, yes. So where is this Professor now?

ACE:
I left her in her lab, but these two women, the two from the moonbase, they burst in, and their eyes were all covered in metal fur and scales —

DOCTOR:
Shafira and Root, under the thrall of the swarm.

FX: BOOTED GUARDS COME AROUND ANOTHER CORRIDOR.

SECURITY GUARD ONE: (DISTANT)
There they are! Stun them!

FX: LASERS WHIZZING PAST.

HECTOR:
We'd better get out of here, if they keep on like this they'll bring half the wall down. Which way?

DOCTOR:
This way.

ACE:
But that's back to the professor's lab —

DOCTOR:
Exactly. Come on!

FX: THEY RUN, PURSUED BY GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD ONE:
After them!

49. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: BUBBLING CONTINUES. BUTTONS PRESSED ON MACHINE, HUMM AS IT EJECTS A GLASS SLIDE.

KILBRACKEN:
I've made a clone of the nucleus, transferring heredity and experience. But I should warn you, it won't stay stable for long.

SHAFIRA:
You will give us the clone of the nucleus.

KILBRACKEN:
And then what will you do with it?

ROOT:
With the nucleus to lead us, we shall breed, multiply and conquer!

KILBRACKEN:
Yes, I thought it might be something like that. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED RAPIDLY, SAFETY BLEEPS GOING OFF)

SHAFIRA:
What are you doing?

KILBRACKEN:
Activating the emergency programme. This whole section will be sealed and everything in it will be vapourised in a fire-flash!

ROOT:
Including you.

KILBRACKEN:
Some things are worth dying for.

SHAFIRA:
No. Now you must join us.

FX: VIRUS CRACKLE.

KILBRACKEN:
Contact has been made. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Cancelling programme.

SHAFIRA:
Give me the clone of the nucleus.

KILBRACKEN:
It is held on this glass slide. (HANDS IT OVER) Here.

ROOT:
Now the nucleus has been reborn you know what must be done.

KILBRACKEN:
I know what must be done. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) I will remain here and transfer virus and nucleus original to jettison chamber.

FX: CHUG OF PUMP BEING ACTIVATED, CONTINUES IN B/G.

SHAFIRA:
While we must find a new host for the clone. Come!

FX: THEY LEAVE THROUGH DOOR (RIGHT). PUMPING CONTINUES. DOOR ON LEFT SIDE OF LAB OPENS, DOCTOR ACE, AND HECTOR RUSH IN.

ACE:
They've gone – all except for Kilbracken. What's she doing? (TRYING TO GET HER ATTENTION) Hey, Professor!?

DOCTOR:
The Professor can wait. First things first, we need to barricade ourselves in! Both the emergency exit and the main door.

HECTOR:
What with?

DOCTOR:
Anything, trolleys, medical equipment. Ace will help you.

ACE:
Oh, will I? I was at death's door ten minutes ago, you know!

DOCTOR:
And you will be again if you don't secure <u>that</u> door!

ACE:
Right. Hector, help me move the cryo-unit.

FX: IN B/G, ACE AND HECTOR THEN BUILDING BARRICADE.

DOCTOR:
Professor Kilbracken, I presume?

KILBRACKEN:
Doctor.

FX: SHE'S PRESSED BUTTONS, CHUG OF PUMP CHANGES TONE.

DOCTOR:
I see you're transferring the contents of the genetic accelerometer to the jettison chamber.

KILBRACKEN: (SLIGHT VIRUS VOICE-EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Do you intend to stop me?

DOCTOR:
No. What must happen, must happen. Que sera sera. What I want to know is what your other two victims are up to.

50. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: SHAFIRA AND ROOT RUN IN.

SHAFIRA:
We must find an access point! Before the clone expires!

ROOT:
This human is hiding her knowledge of this level from me. She is resisting! No... there is an access point this way!

FX: SECURITY GUARDS NEARBY.

SECURITY GUARD ONE:
Halt and identify yourselves!

SHAFIRA:
Human guards. Between us and the access point.

SECURITY GUARD ONE:
I repeat. Identify yourselves! Or we will fire!

SHAFIRA:
You want us to identify ourselves.

FX: VIRUS CRACKLE OVER THE FOLLOWING:

SHAFIRA & ROOT:
We are the swarm!

SECURITY GUARD ONE:
(IN PAIN AND THEN) Contact has been made!

51. INT. LABORATORY.

FX: ACE AND HECTOR FINISHING BARRICADE, BANGING ON DOOR.

HECTOR:
They're not going to give up.

ACE:
We should be alright, just so long as they don't start cutting their way in.

FX: HISSING, FIZZLING BUZZ.

HECTOR:
They're cutting their way in.

ACE:
Doctor, any more bright ideas?

FX: ON OTHER SIDE OF LAB, PUMP IS STILL CHUGGING.

DOCTOR:
Shh, Ace. Not now. Kilbracken. Listen to me. I know you're still in there, fighting for control. I can help you. Look into my eyes!

FX: DOCTOR HYPNOTISM. PUMP STOPS.

KILBRACKEN:
Virus and nucleus original transferred to jettison chamber.

DOCTOR:
Nucleus original? You mean they cloned it, they made another? Kilbracken, answer me!

FX: HYPNOTISM.

KILBRACKEN:
(SHE GASPS, LOSES VOICE EFFECT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Professor. There isn't much time. I need you to tell me. Where are Shafira and Root?

KILBRACKEN:
(EFFORT, STRUGGLING) I don't know... They went to find a new host for the nucleus... (FX: VIRUS VOICE) It shall be reborn!

DOCTOR:
Stay with me, Professor. Did they say who this victim would be?

KILBRACKEN: (NORMAL VOICE)
I... they must be stopped. Must be stopped!

FX: SHE PRESSES BUTTONS ON EMERGENCY DESK.

DOCTOR:
What are you doing?

KILBRACKEN:
Must be stopped.

FX: FINAL BUTTON. ALARM SOUNDS. DOOR-CUTTING FIZZLING ENDS.

COMPUTER: (TANNOY)
Warning. Emergency programme activated on level X 4. Sealing isolation ward in four minutes. Warning. (REPEATS)

DOCTOR:
What? No. Kilbracken, you can't!

KILBRACKEN:
I can. And no-one but me can reverse it... biometric lock.

DOCTOR:
Cancel the programme!

KILBRACKEN:
Only one way to end this. By ending... me. Lethal injection!

DOCTOR:
Professor, no!

FX: SYRINGE COLLECTED.

KILBRACKEN:
Must resist... or swarm will... force me... (FX: SYRINGE HISS)
Get out, while you still can – (FX: VIRUS EFFECT) Doctor (DIES)

FX: SHE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.

DOCTOR:
Kilbracken! Kilbracken! (BEAT) Another needless death.

ACE:
Doctor, the guards, they've given up!

DOCTOR:
They're evacuating. Good. Then you'd better leave too.

HECTOR:
What? But we've just barricaded the door.

DOCTOR:
Then you'd better un-barricade it then!

52. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: SHAFIRA AND ROOT RUN IN. SIREN SOUNDING.

SHAFIRA:
Here!

ROOT:
An access point for the institute computer.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

SHAFIRA:
Inserting slide into disc slot.

FX: DISK-DRIVE WHIRR. VIRUS CRACKLE.

COMPUTER: (NOT TANNOY)
Contact has been made.

ROOT:
The nucleus has found a new host.

SHAFIRA:
Let the new age of the swarm begin!

53. INT. LABORATORY.

COMPUTER: (TANNOY)
Warning. Emergency programme activated on level X 4. Sealing isolation ward in one minute.

FX: ACE AND HECTOR REMOVE LAST PARTS OF BARRICADE. DOCTOR BUSY ON DEVICE.

HECTOR:
There, that's done it.

DOCTOR:
(FX: TAPPING ON KEYBOARD) Then get out, both of you! Now!

ACE:
What about you?

DOCTOR:
(FX: STILL BUSY TAPPING) I'll be right after you, just have to... jettison the virus into space.

ACE:
Why not destroy it?

DOCTOR:
History must be... maintained.

HECTOR:
Come on, Ace, let's do as the man says.

FX: THEY LEAVE AS DOCTOR CONTINUES WORK.

54. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: SIREN.

ROOT:
The moment of our death approaches.

SHAFIRA:
We are no longer necessary for the purpose.

ROOT:
(MOVING OVER TO WINDOW) Look. The virus is being ejected into space.

FX: DISTANT FLASHES OF LIGHTNING.

SHAFIRA:
It’s beautiful... see how it flashes in the darkness...

55. INT. CORRIDOR.

COMPUTER: (TANNOY)
Warning. Emergency programme activated on level X 4. Sealing isolation ward. Repeat. (CONTINUES IN B/G)

FX: BULKHEAD CLOSING. HECTOR AND ACE RUN IN.

ACE:
We're too late, we're being sealed in.

HECTOR:
Not quite, this isn't the way we came in. That is.

ACE:
What?

HECTOR:
There. The service elevator.

ACE:
(CLIMBING IN) And this... will take us downstairs?

HECTOR:
(CLIMBING IN) Your guess is as good as mine – Doctor!

FX: DOCTOR RUSHES IN DURING THE ABOVE.

DOCTOR:
Room for one more?

ACE:
No.

HECTOR:
There was barely space for two of us on the way up.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING IN) Then it'll be a tight... squeeze!

FX: HE PRESSES A BUTTON, SIDE PANEL OF THE SERVICE ELEVATOR CLOSES.

ACE: (MUFFLED)
Oi! I can't breathe!

DOCTOR: (MUFFLED)
Going down!

FX: WARNING BEEP, METAL LOCKING, THEN - VWOOOSH!

COMPUTER: (TANNOY)
Commencing vapourisation of contents of isolation ward.

FX: A HUGE ROARING WHOOSH OF FIRE SURGES DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

56. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION.

FX: FADE IN. A WHILE LATER. CALM HAS RETURNED. TAP-TAPPING ON KEYBOARD.

RECEPTIONIST:
...known casualties include Professor Oksana Kilbracken, Research Team Leader Martel Shafira, Biotech Belina Root, Security Guard Emule Mcready...

HECTOR:
They all died. Because of me.

DOCTOR:
No, Hector. Because of the swarm. All this had to happen. There was nothing we could do to prevent it.

HECTOR:
So you say. Sounds a bit suss to me.

ACE:
The Doctor’s right. The virus had to be created here, now, so the Doctor could meet it again and it could take over you.

HECTOR:
My head hurts.

DOCTOR:
The virus will now drift through space for eighty years before taking over the crew of a shuttle bound for Titan. Odd. It said it had waited for millennia. An after-effect of accelerated evolution, I suppose. Distorted time perception.

ACE:
But the clone they made, that’s definitely dead?

DOCTOR:
I don’t see how it can have survived. Which is not quite the same thing.

HECTOR:
What about us? We’re stuck here and the TARDIS is back on Titan.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Give me a moment.

FX: DOCTOR WANDERS OFF.

HECTOR:
Now where’s he going?

ACE:
Shuttle airlock. Maybe he's going to cadge us a ride back to Saturn?

FX: TARDIS STARTS TO LAND NEARBY.

HECTOR:
What the —

ACE:
The TARDIS!

FX: TARDIS FINISHES LANDING, DOOR OPENS, DOCTOR POPS HEAD OUT.

DOCTOR:
Ah, there you are. Did I keep you waiting long?

ACE:
Not long, no. You've only just wandered off.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. I borrowed a shuttle, piloted it back to Titan, picked up the TARDIS and set a course for a few seconds after I left.

COMPUTER: (TANNOY)
Shuttle J-fourteen requesting permission to depart.

DOCTOR:
Or a few seconds before. Shall we go?

ACE:
You bet!

FX: SHE ENTERS.

57. INT. TARDIS. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOCTOR, ACE AND HECTOR ENTER.

HECTOR:
But everyone in that place we just left, they're safe?

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

DOCTOR:
Yes. When I visited the Bi-Al Foundation again in the year five thousand, it was a model of efficiency. And dedicated to medicine, rather than genetic research.

ACE:
They saw the error of their ways. What about the moonbase?

DOCTOR:
I did a spot of spring cleaning while I was there. No longer any trace of Saturnian plague, it'll soon be ready to re-open for business.

ACE:
As a fuelling station.

HECTOR:
Sorry, and stop me if I'm being thick, but what exactly did we achieve here? People died, the virus thing gets away because it's pre-ordained or something, and that's it?

DOCTOR:
Isn't that enough for you?

HECTOR:
Hey, don't forget, I never even wanted to come along in this thing — (FX: VIRUS VOICE EFFECT ON LAST TWO WORDS) This thing...

ACE:
Hector, are you alright? Hey, what are you doing?

FX: BUTTONS ON CONSOLE PRESSED.

DOCTOR:
He's still being controlled by the swarm!

HECTOR: (FX: VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
Get out of my way! (SHOVES)

DOCTOR:
(SHOVED) (FX: VIRUS CRACKLE. KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR) Aaaargh!

FX: TARDIS TAKES OFF.

ACE:
We're taking off. Where are we going? Hector? Hector!

HECTOR:
The future. Two hundred years into the future!

ACE:
Hex, Hector, you can't - (FX: VIRUS CRACKLE. SHE IS THROWN TO THE FLOOR) Aargh!

58. INT. COMPUTER.

FX: A TRON-LIKE VIRTUAL REALITY. STRANGE SHIMMERY ECHOES, DISTANT TINKLES, ELECTRONIC WAILS, EVERYTHING ODD.

VIRUS: (SLIGHTLY COMPUTER-Y EFFECT)
At last, a new host for the nucleus of the swarm. A new seed from which to grow. A network of power, a web of information spanning the solar system, ever-quickening, ever-evolving, ever-expanding. Yes, it will serve my purposes well. From the macrocosm to the cyber-cosm! In every circuit and every wire, in every computer on every planet, the swarm will reign supreme!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

59. INT. HUB RECEPTION.

FX: TARDIS LANDS IN QUIET RECEPTION AREA (SAME AS HOSPITAL BUT NOW MORE FUTURISTIC AMBIENCE). ALARM GOES OFF SOON AFTERWARDS.

TALIN (VIA TANNOY)
Blue alert. Unauthorised object detected in Hub reception area. Security personnel to investigate. Repeat. Blue alert.

60. INT. TARDIS.

FX: HECTOR PRESSES BUTTONS.

HECTOR:
I've knocked out the Doctor and Ace and brought you here. Am I done now?

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
Far from it. You are still required for the purpose.

HECTOR:
What do you want me to do?

VIRUS:
There is a component of the TARDIS. The relative dimensional stabiliser. You will remove it.

HECTOR:
I don't know which – I see it.

FX: PRESSES BUTTONS, PART OF CONSOLE OPENS, HE REMOVES CIRCUIT.

VIRUS:
Now open the doors.

FX: DOORS OPEN.

HECTOR:
What about the Doctor and Ace? Are they needed?

VIRUS:
No. Kill them.

HECTOR: (FX: NO VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FOR THIS LINE ONLY)
I... (PAINED STRUGGLING) I... no. I won't do it.

VIRUS:
You still imagine you can resist me? Leave them where they lie. They are of no importance.

FX: HECTOR LEAVES.

61. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: FUTURISTIC COMPUTER GEAR EVER-PRESENT IN B/G, BLEEPS, CHIRPS, LIKE AN AMBIENT BRIAN ENO TRACK. ALARM NO LONGER ON. A COMPUTER GAME IS BEING PLAYED — A MARIOKART-ESQUE RACING GAME.

TALIN:
Lugerman, stop playing that ridiculous game and look at this.

FX: GAME PAUSED.

LUGERMAN:
Why, what is it?

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
The object in the reception area, there was somebody inside it! (OBSERVATION) Humanoid, male, probably Terran. Mid-twenties.

LUGERMAN:
He doesn't seem to be armed.

TALIN:
Unusual clothes though. Archaic. Possible agitator.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
Security. This is Supervisor Talin. Intruder in reception area is to be restrained pending deportation. Non-lethal force.

SECURITY GUARD TWO (VIA MONITOR)
Order received.

62. INT. TARDIS.

ACE:
(WAKING) Awh. What hit me? (FX: SHE GETS UP)

FX: DOCTOR IS ALREADY AT CONTROLS, CHECKING INSTRUMENTS.

DOCTOR:
Hector. Or the virus within him. Using a telepathic left hook.

ACE:
Great. So he's not cured after all.

DOCTOR:
No.

ACE:
Even though you said he was.

DOCTOR:
We all make mistakes.

ACE:
Yeah, but when you make mistakes, half the universe knows about it. How long have we been asleep?

DOCTOR:
It's only a few minutes since he left. (FX: BUTTONS) Odd. He's removed the dimensional stabiliser.

ACE:
Oh. What does that do?

DOCTOR:
It prevents us from taking off. It must want us kept here for some reason.

ACE:
So it can have a victorious gloat and then kill us?

DOCTOR:
Sounds plausible. We have to find Hector. Before he infects anyone else...

63. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: GUARDS RUSH IN.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Alright, that's far enough. You are trespassing in a top-security area. Halt, or we are authorised to shoot.

HECTOR:
I am not armed. I cannot harm you.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Then who are you and what are you doing here?

HECTOR:
I am the swarm. I am here to perform the metamorphosis of the nucleus.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
What are you —

FX: VIRUS CRACKLES.

SECURITY GUARD TWO: (VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
(EACH GROAN AS CRACKLE HITS, THEN) Contact has been made.

64. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

LUGERMAN:
What's happened to them? It was like some sort of... electric spark.

TALIN:
I'm not sure. Check the hypernet, there might be something in the infodex.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
Supervisor... the hypernet isn't responding.

TALIN:
What do you mean?

LUGERMAN:
It's refusing to open. Like we're off-line.

FX: KEYBOARD PRESSED.

TALIN:
We're not off-line, we're locked out. (FX: TANNOY ON) All personnel to emergency stations. Black alert. We have hypernet failure and are facing a hostile psychoactive incursion. Security personnel to use lethal force.

FX: MORE KEYBOARD TAPPING. NEGATIVE COMPUTER CHIMES.

LUGERMAN:
Nothing's responding, all the emergency systems are coming up as unavailable. It's like the computer's... gone on strike.

TALIN:
Send a may day.

LUGERMAN:
That's what I'm trying to tell you. We can't even send out a request for help.

TALIN:
Then we're on our own. Wait.

LUGERMAN:
What is it?

TALIN:
The unauthorised object. Two more humanoids are coming out...

ACE: (VIA MONITOR)
Hey, we haven't moved. We're still in the reception place.

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
We're still on asteroid K-4-0-6-7 but we have moved. The asteroid's position in space has changed.

FX: CONTINUOUS INTO NEXT SCENE.

65. INT. HUB RECEPTION (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOCTOR LOCKS TARDIS DOOR.

ACE:
You know what I meant.

DOCTOR:
We have also moved forward in time.

ACE:
Two hundred years.

DOCTOR:
What?

ACE:
Something Hector said just before he zapped me. And they've changed the decor. I don't think this is a hospital anymore.

DOCTOR:
No. No pot plants or inspirational murals.

ACE:
So why do you think it's come here?

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
I'm not sure. In the past, it was simply trying to make sure history happened as written. But now it's in the future it has a blank page.

66. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

FX: WE MOVE BACK INTO CONTROL ROOM.

TALIN:
But it can't be... it is! Lugerman, it's them. They've come back.

LUGERMAN:
Who? What do you mean?

TALIN:
Which means we must be facing another outbreak. Lock down! Seal all bulkheads!

LUGERMAN:
But the emergency defence systems —

TALIN:
We can by-pass the computer and close them manually, can't we?

67. INT. CORRIDOR.

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
All personnel. Seal all sections using manual over-ride. Do not attempt to engage intruders or anyone who has come into contact with them. They are suffering from infectious psychosis.

FX: BULKHEAD STARTS TO CLANK DOWN.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
They have been alerted to our presence.

HECTOR:
We must reach the server room!

FX: BULKHEAD LOCKS DOWN.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
It’s too late. We’re trapped.

HECTOR:
The swarm is not so easily defeated.

FX: BULKHEAD OPENS AGAIN.

HECTOR:
The computer is on our side. It serves the nucleus! Follow me!

FX: THEY HURRY ON.

68. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

LUGERMAN:
Supervisor! Bulkhead in corridor X 9 just opened again, of its own accord.

TALIN:
The computer! It's letting them in.

LUGERMAN:
What do we do?

TALIN:
They're heading this way. We seal ourselves in and blow out the locking mechanisms to make sure the bulkheads stay shut.

LUGERMAN:
But then, we'll be stuck in here forever. Nobody's going to come and rescue us -

TALIN:
We're dead whatever happens. If they got in here, they could cut this whole system off from the hypernet.

LUGERMAN:
I'll do it. What about the other two humanoids?

TALIN:
If they are who I think they are... they have some explaining to do.

69. INT. CORRIDOR.

ACE:
"Suffering infectious psychosis". Sounds like Hector's drawn attention to himself.

DOCTOR:
Yes. The swarm is probably on a recruitment drive. We have to find whoever's in charge, and -

FX: BULKHEAD CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

ACE:
Hey, Doctor, watch out!

DOCTOR:
That was very nearly my umbrella.

ACE:
That was very nearly the rest of you. Well, we can't go back —

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
This is Supervisor Talin. Intruders in corridor X 4 will halt and pay attention.

ACE:
(WHISPER) X 4? Hey, that's us.

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
Listen. You must proceed to the server room, I've kept a route open and will close the bulkheads off behind you.

DOCTOR:
Thank you, we're most grateful -

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
You can thank me when you get here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
You know who we are?

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
If I didn't I wouldn't be saving your lives.

FX: TANNOY OFF.

70. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

LUGERMAN:
I've blown the locks on the bulkheads in corridors X 1 to 9. There's no way anyone will get them open again.

TALIN:
Very good, get ready to secure bulkhead X 10.

LUGERMAN:
And then we'll be boxed in for good.

TALIN:
Just wait for our visitors to pass through – and they're in.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
Ha! We made it! Hello!

TALIN:
Doctor. You look just as you did when you first visited the centre, back when it was the Bi-Al Foundation. And this must be your friend, Ace.

ACE:
How do you know who we are?

TALIN:
When I became Supervisor of this hub-point, I familiarised myself with the archives. History is an indulgence of mine. You came here twice before, Doctor? Assuming that was you.

DOCTOR:
Oh, the fellow with the scarf, yes, that was me.

LUGERMAN:
Supervisor, shall I –

TALIN:
Yes, Lugerman, secure the final bulkhead.

FX: HE LEAVES, DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

ACE:
You're locking us in?

TALIN:
And locking the infected personnel out.

DOCTOR:
So you have some idea what we're up against?

TALIN:
An intelligent swarm virus, first outbreak recorded 4920, second outbreak 5000. Believed eradicated. Wrongly, as it turns out.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well, we all make mistakes. Have you isolated Hector and the infected personnel?

TALIN:
As best as we can. We've been having some computer trouble.

DOCTOR:
That's computers for you. Sorry, what did you say this place was? A 'hub-point'?

TALIN:
After the Bi-Al Foundation was decommissioned, the centre was repurposed as a hypernet relay station.

ACE:
What's the hypernet when it's at home?

TALIN:
A network linking together the entire human empire using transmissions sent through hyperspace using a process of quantum entanglement.

DOCTOR:
Faster than light?

TALIN:
Oh, much faster. Distant solar systems can exchange information in a matter of milliseconds, it's virtually instantaneous. It's what binds the empire together.

DOCTOR:
Oh what a tangled web we weave.

ACE:
So basically it's just the internet, but across the galaxy?

TALIN:
I can't really think of a way of describing it more basically.

ACE:
And that's what the swarm wants? To take over the hypernet?

TALIN:
Or destroy it.

DOCTOR:
Or use it. I think I'm beginning to see what it wants. The computer. Of course!

FX: DOOR OPENS.

LUGERMAN:
I've done it, we're sealed in.

TALIN:
Well, whatever it wants, it can't do it, because the only access point is here in this room.

ACE:
Doctor, what do you mean, 'the computer'?

DOCTOR:
The swarm didn't take the TARDIS dimensional stabiliser to keep us here. It needs it for something else. Something it's been used for before —

FX: SUDDENLY THERE IS A POWER CUT, B/G BLEEPING SILENCED.

LUGERMAN:
What's happening? A power cut?

ACE:
Somebody forget to put 50p in the meter?

TALIN:
Impossible, the hub has its own power supply, it must be... the computer.

DOCTOR:
Not the computer. The nucleus within it.

FX: A SINISTER VOICE ECHOES OUT IN THE SILENCE.

COMPUTER: (TANNOY, VIRUS VOICE EFFECT)
Yes, Doctor. The computer is my host. For two centuries I have made the hypernet my nest, absorbing information, expanding my intelligence, drawing together the threads of the web. I have watched as the human race spread across the stars like a disease. Little realising that I controlled the source of their power. The nucleus of the swarm and the master of the hypernet!

71. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: GUARD FAILING TO OPEN BULKHEAD.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
The bulkhead will not open.

HECTOR:
The locking mechanism has been destroyed. Not even the computer can open it now.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Then we have failed.

HECTOR:
No. The host controls every circuit within this centre. It is only a matter of time.

72. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

ACE:
So the virus is now a computer virus?

DOCTOR:
Yes. The cloned nucleus uploaded its mind into the Bi-Al Foundation computer, just as it did with the TARDIS. Now it exists as pure information, a sequence of noughts and ones.

COMPUTER:
But soon I shall be so much more that. I shall achieve metamorphosis!

DOCTOR:
Of course. That's what it wanted the RDS for.

ACE:
(SARCASTIC) Of course. It's all so obvious now that you fail to explain it.

DOCTOR:
It wants to become corporeal. Am I right?

COMPUTER:
You are correct, Doctor. I shall be recreated using the dimensional stabiliser and the power of the hypernet. I will be computer generated! More impressive than ever before!

TALIN:
Can it do that?

DOCTOR:
Oh yes. But it needs the RDS to be connected to the hypernet server.

LUGERMAN:
Which is in this room.

DOCTOR:
Makes things interesting, doesn't it? We're locked in with the one thing it wants.

COMPUTER:
You will allow my servants access to the server. Or I will kill you all. I could deactivate the life-support in an instant!

DOCTOR:
You could, but then you'd kill off your own followers too, and then where would you be?

ACE:
There's a phrase that springs to mind involving a creek and a paddle.

COMPUTER:
Then I shall make you another offer. Look at the visiphone.

FX: MONITOR ACTIVATES.

HECTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
Doctor. You will allow us into the server room.

FX: GUN SWITCHED ON.

HECTOR:
Or I will shoot this security guard — and then myself.

FX: MONITOR OFF.

COMPUTER:
Well, Doctor? I know you would rather submit than allow an innocent to die.

DOCTOR:
Yes, you've tried that trick before. But let me warn you. If you harm anyone, I'll make sure the server is completely and irrevocably destroyed!

COMPUTER:
You do not know how.

DOCTOR:
Then it's lucky I brought an explosives expert with me.

ACE:
Yeah. I can blow up anything. Look in Hector's head if you don't believe me. So let me make you an offer, bug-brain. Release Hector or I'll blitz the server.

COMPUTER:
If the server is non-operational, I will no longer have any reason to keep anyone alive. I will deactivate the life-support and everyone will die while I will live on within the hypernet.

DOCTOR:
Then it seems we've reached something of an impasse.

LUGERMAN:
And anyway, we couldn't re-open the bulkheads even if we wanted to. It would take weeks, months to repair the circuits.

73. INT. CORRIDOR.

HECTOR:
We must proceed to the engineering store on level 9-X.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
What is our purpose?

HECTOR:
We shall return with laseron drills and burn through the bulkhead.

FX: THEY GO.

74. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR UNSCREWS COVERS OF SERVERS, PULLS THEM OFF IN B/G.

TALIN:
They're giving up.

LUGERMAN:
No, they're up to something, I feel sure of it.

FX: DOCTOR REMOVES COVERS.

TALIN:
Doctor, what you doing with the server?

DOCTOR:
I thought I might try a little... debugging.

ACE:
Debugging?

FX: DOCTOR PULLS OUT WIRES. COMPUTER POWERS UP, SOME BLEEPING.

DOCTOR:
The only way to neutralise the nucleus is to confront it in its own territory.

TALIN:
You mean, inside the computer?

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm trying to improvise a way of gaining mental access.

LUGERMAN:
Something like a neural interface helmet?

DOCTOR:
Yes. (FX: STOPS REWIRING) Why, do you have one?

LUGERMAN:
Of course. We use them for checking glitches in the code. We have a few sets in the storeroom.

DOCTOR:
Fetch one.

FX: LUGERMAN GOES TO FETCH ONE.

ACE:
What exactly does a neural interface helmet do?

TALIN:
It allows the wearer to upload their mind into the cybercosm while their body is kept alive in a cataleptic trance.

FX: LUGERMAN RETURNS WITH HELMET, DOCTOR STARTS CONNECTING IT.

ACE:
You mean a sort of brain-dead coma?

TALIN:
Until the mind is downloaded back into the brain, yes.

ACE:
Like in The Matrix, I get it. Lugerman, fetch another helmet.

DOCTOR:
What? Ace -

ACE:
You don’t think I’m letting you go in there on your own?

75. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: THEY RETURN.

HECTOR:
Connect the drill to the power supply.

FX: A CLICK AND IT HUMMS LIKE A TOILET HAND DRIER.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Drill connected.

HECTOR:
How long will it take to cut through the bulkhead?

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Thirty minutes.

HECTOR:
Then that is how long the Doctor and his friends have left to live. Begin.

FX: DRILLING BEGINS. A HIGH-PITCHED ELECTRONIC WHIRR.

76. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DRILLING AUDIBLE, MUFFLED. SAME AS CUTTING IN SCENE 51.

LUGERMAN:
They're trying to burn their way in.

ACE:
Can they do it?

LUGERMAN:
Given time, a laseron drill can cut through anything.

TALIN:
We could threaten to destroy the server.

DOCTOR:
And cut off the entire solar system from the hypernet? They'd know you'd never go through with it. And besides, Ace and I will have our minds in the hypernet and it would be quite nice to be able to get back.

ACE:
Speaking of, are we going to go into this thing or what?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Connecting neural interfaces.

FX: PLUGS IN, POWERS UP.

TALIN:
I'll monitor your progress and give you as much assistance as I can.

DOCTOR:
Thankyou, and if we do somehow manage to succeed, get us out.

TALIN:
I will.

DOCTOR:
Even if there's only one of us left.

ACE:
Oh great, vote of confidence.

TALIN:
Brace yourselves. The upload may be a little uncomfortable...

DOCTOR:
Just do it. Log us on!

TALIN:
Uploading.

FX: SHE PRESSES A BUTTON.

ACE/DOCTOR
(BRIEF GASP OF PAIN, THEN FALL SILENT)

TALIN:
And they’re in...

77. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR WHIRLING THROUGH VORTEX, MIXTURE OF MODEM SOUNDS, BABBLING DATA STREAMS, RAPID BEEPS, AN OVERWHELMING, IMMERSIVE BURST OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC.

ACE/DOCTOR
(REACT AS THOUGH GOING OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL, CALLING OUT EACH OTHER'S NAMES)

FX: THEY LAND IN THE HYPERNET. HEAVY ECHO. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL. DISTANT TINKLES AS DATA PACKETS ARE SENT BACK AND FORTH. LOTS OF COMPUTER-WORLDY SOUNDS, LIKE AN 80S VIDEO GAME.

DOCTOR:
Ace, are you alright?

ACE:
Virtually. So this is the hypernet?

DOCTOR:
Yes. We're inside the mind of the computer web. This is a... symbolic representation of the logical net.

ACE:
And us? It feels like I'm really standing here.

DOCTOR:
We're both symbolic representations of ourselves. Avatars.

ACE:
Like characters in a computer game?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Or icons.

ACE:
Great. I've always wanted to know what it felt like to be Jet Set Willy.

DOCTOR:
The difference being if a computer game character is killed, they have more than one life.

ACE:
But if we die here —

DOCTOR:
Game over. Our minds and memories have been converted into data packets, which can be corrupted or erased. And if that happens, there will be nothing of us left to return to our real bodies.

ACE:
So they'll just be brain-dead, kept alive by machines?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Let's not linger here a moment longer than we have to.

ACE:
Where are we going?

DOCTOR:
The nucleus will have made its nest in the central processor.

ACE:
And where's that?

DOCTOR:
You see those glowing green lines of numbers in the sky?

ACE:
They all lead to those mountains. But there's a whole city between us and there... All sorts of square buildings and skyscrapers but as outlines.

DOCTOR:
Symbolic representations of blocks of memory.

ACE:
And it's miles away. It'll take days, weeks!

DOCTOR:
Then let's make a start, shall we?

FX: THEY WALK OFF, FADING OUT WITH:

DOCTOR:
And, of course, our perception of time is altered. One hour in the hypernet is the equivalent of one minute on the outside.

78. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DRILLING CONTINUES IN B/G. BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
Are they alright?

TALIN:
Successful transfer of data, no errors detected. And both their real-world bodies have recovered from the shock.

FX: DURING THIS, A MACHINE IS ACTIVATED WHICH BLEEPS IN TIME WITH ACE'S HEARTBEAT.

TALIN:
All mental activity suspended save for brainstem function.

LUGERMAN:
So where are their avatars?

TALIN:
Uploaded to the hinterlands of the tertiary cache. Anywhere closer to the C.P.U. and there'd be a risk of them disturbing the traffic flow and being detected. But at the current rate, they should be there in about thirty minutes.

79. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR WALKING, APPROACHING.

ACE:
How long have we been walking for?

DOCTOR:
How long does it feel like?

ACE:
I don't know. A day?

DOCTOR:
But do you feel tired? Hungry? Thirsty?

ACE:
No, but that doesn't stop it being boring. Now we're in the city, we can't see the mountains so I'm not even sure we're going in the right direction —

FX: SHE'S INTERRUPTED BY PROXIMITY ALARM.

ACE:
What's that?

DOCTOR:
A proximity alarm. We must've been going in the right direction.

ACE:
So the nucleus knows we're here?

DOCTOR:
Oh yes.

FX: DISTANT RUSTLING GROWS AS IT APPROACHES, LIKE FLOCK OF BATS, SCREECHING AND CLAWING.

ACE:
Then hadn't we get under cover, out here in the open we're sitting — look!

DOCTOR:
The swarm.

ACE:
It's like a flock of... insects. No. Not insects. Prawns?

DOCTOR:
The nucleus. It's sending copies of itself to attack us.

ACE:
You never mentioned it looked like seafood!

DOCTOR:
Looks aren't important.

FX: SWARM GROWS NEARER, SHRIEKING LIKE SYNTHESIZER-BATS.

ACE:
They've spotted us. What do we now? Run?

DOCTOR:
Run!

FX: THEY RUN AS THE SWARM GIVES CHASE IN A DEMONIC CACOPHONY.

80. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOOR STILL BEING BURNED.

LUGERMAN:
They've been detected, the nucleus has sent a viral swarm to their memory location. We have to pull them out.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
What good would that do? They'd be just as dead on the outside.

LUGERMAN:
Then what are you doing?

TALIN:
Evening the odds...

81. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE FLEEING FROM APPROACHING SWARM.

ACE:
It's no good, they're too fast...

DOCTOR:
Then we have no choice. We'll have to stand and fight.

ACE:
With what?

DOCTOR:
This! (DRAWS OUT UMBRELLA) En garde!

ACE:
Doctor. That's not a sword, that's an umbrella.

DOCTOR:
Isn't there a saying about umbrellas being mightier than the sword?

ACE:
No, you're thinking of pens.

DOCTOR:
Umbrellas are mightier than pens?

ACE:
This is it, they're circling to attack - !

FX: SWARM ATTACKS, BUT AS THEY DO, DOCTOR'S UMBRELLA BECOMES A LASER SWORD, THROBBING LIKE A LIGHT-SABRE.

DOCTOR:
(SWORDFIGHTING) Ha! Have at you! (AD-LIB) Didn't like that did you? Gonna have another go? Ha! You'll have to try harder than that!

FX: SWARM ZAPPED, SHRIEK, FALL, BUT ATTACK CONTINUES.

ACE:
It's a light-sabre-umbrella!

DOCTOR:
(SWORDFIGHTING) Yes. I taught Tycho Brahe everything he knows. Should hold them off for a while. Ha! Ha!

ACE:
While what? We have to get out of here.

FX: WITH AN ELECTRONIC WHOOSH AND A THUD, TWO BIKES APPEAR OUT OF THIN AIR.

DOCTOR:
(SWORDFIGHTING) Looks like someone heard you. A little help from above, courtesy of Supervisor Talin.

ACE:
Gordon Bennett! They're like Harley Davidsons.

DOCTOR:
But they're not Harley Davidson's. They're ours.

ACE:
(CLIMBING ON) Light-bikes. Wicked!

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING ON) Are you sure you know how to ride a motorcycle?

ACE:
You just watch me! Just a matter of giving it enough welly. (FX: SHE REVS UP AND WHOOSHES OFF, CALLS OVER HER SHOULDER) Come on, slowcoach!

DOCTOR:
Slowcoach. Who's she calling slow (FX: HE REVS UP AND WHOOSHES OFF UNEXPECTEDLY) coooooooach!!!

FX: THE SWARM GIVES CHASE.

82. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOOR STILL BURNING ETC.

LUGERMAN:
You've given them bikes from my computer game?

TALIN:
I copied across the source code. Just in time, by the look of it.

LUGERMAN:
They're escaping!

TALIN:
But the host is generating more swarm duplicates, blocking off all routes. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Time to go on the offensive. Make one or two modifications to the code...

83. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE RIDING LIGHT BIKES.

ACE:
You alright, Doctor? You look a bit green.

DOCTOR:
Just not used to... the acceleration.

ACE:
Yeah. Bit different from the buggies on Terra Alpha —

FX: SWARM HEARD, GROWING LOUDER.

ACE:
Uh-oh. Shrimp alert, dead ahead. What do you think, left or right?

DOCTOR:
Right.

FX: THEY TURN, WHEELS SCREECHING AND SKIDDING LIKE SUPER MARIO KARTS. SWARM FIZZ INTO EXISTENCE.

ACE:
More of them. Appearing out of thin air.

DOCTOR:
And more behind us. Take the next right.

FX: THEY TURN, MORE SCREECH AND SKID.

ACE:
They're catching up. If only I had some —

FX: WITH BLEEPING AND CLUNKING, HER BIKE CHANGES SHAPE.

ACE:
Hey, my bike's grown a cannon! What's this? "Tomato launcher"?

DOCTOR:
I imagine you press the big red button to fire.

ACE:
Okay —

FX: SHE FIRES. PEOOOW! ROCKET BLAST FOLLOWED BY COOL EXPLOSION.

ACE:
Exploding tomatoes! Awesome!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I think you just blew up somebody's blog.

ACE:
And a whole lot of scampi on the side.

FX: SHE FIRES AGAIN. MORE EXPLOSIONS.

ACE:
Oh, this is ace. Die, prawn scum, die!

DOCTOR:
Don't get carried away, Ace, they're just computer game characters. Next right.

FX: THEY TURN, SCREECH!

ACE:
More of them ahead, but I think I can take them out -

FX: SHE FIRES. EXPLOSIONS.

ACE:
Wahey! And we're free.

DOCTOR:
We're not quite home and dry yet. Head for the mountains.

ACE:
No problem. Give me a chance to see just how fast this thing goes...

FX: SHE ACCELERATES, WHOOSHES OFF.

DOCTOR:
Ace! Oh, what's the use? (FX: HE REVS BIKE, ACCELERATES. AS HE ZOOMS AWAY:) Born to be wild! (THIS LINE SHOULD NOT BE SUNG!!!)

84. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: CUTTING CONTINUES, LOUDER THAN BEFORE, SOME FIZZLING.

TALIN:
They're approaching the central processor unit, making good time.

LUGERMAN:
And when they get there, then what?

85. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: HIGH ALTITUDE WINDINESS. LIGHT-BIKES APPROACH, POWER DOWN AND HALT.

DOCTOR:
Here we are. The C-P-U!

ACE:
(DISMOUNTS) Looks like a fortress, a castle made out of laser beams and fairy lights.

DOCTOR:
(DISMOUNTS) Bear in mind it's merely a symbolic representation. The reality is that it's an integrated circuit.

ACE:
Yeah. Thought it looked a bit Disney, to be honest. So how do we get in? Knock on the front door?

DOCTOR:
Not sure. There must be some sort of password key.

ACE:
What, like 'password'?

FX: IMMENSE DOORS OPEN WITH A CREAK AND A BANG.

DOCTOR:
Yes, that should do it.

FX: THEY ENTER.

86. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: CUTTING NOW LOUDER, DOOR FIZZLING, SPARKING.

LUGERMAN:
It’s too late. Our friends with the drill are nearly through.

TALIN:
We just have to hold on. The Doctor and Ace have just entered the CPU.

LUGERMAN:
What, they walked in just like that?

FX: KEYBOARD TAPPED.

TALIN:
Yes, apparently.

LUGERMAN:
Meaning the host let them in, they’re walking into a trap. Meanwhile, back in the real world we’re about to die.

TALIN:
Yes. Unless. If we can find somewhere to hide... come on!

FX: THEY LEAVE THROUGH OTHER DOOR, NOT THE ONE BEING CUT.

87. INT. CPU.

FX: THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE HYPERNET. CATHEDRAL ATMOS BUT WITH ELECTRONICA SOUNDSCAPE. ACE AND DOCTOR APPROACH. DOORS CLOSE.

VIRUS: (DIFFERENT EFFECT, IN ITS DOMAIN)
So Doctor. We meet again at last. Welcome to my nest!

DOCTOR:
Like a spider sitting at the centre of the galactic web.

ACE:
Spider? Looks more like a shrimp to me. I was expecting a big bad, not small fry.

VIRUS:
You will not mock the nucleus of the swarm. I am the greatest being the universe has ever known. A sentient virus! With the hypernet at my command!

ACE:
Bit full of yourself, aren't you? For someone so tiny.

FX: WHEN THE VIRUS GETS ANGRY WE HEAR ITS TENTACLES RATTLE AND THE GROUND TREMBLE.

VIRUS:
Your life is in my hands, human. I will not warn you again.

DOCTOR:
The nucleus is right, Ace. Now we've entered its nest, we are entirely defenceless.

ACE:
You didn't think to mention that before we walked in?

DOCTOR:
I thought it might lead to an awkward conversation. Besides, I'm sure the nucleus means us no harm.

VIRUS:
On the contrary, Doctor. I have spent two centuries waiting for this moment, hungering for revenge on the one who destroyed my swarm!

DOCTOR:
Oh. Still, never mind, forgive and forget.

VIRUS:
No. I shall take great pleasure in devouring you.

DOCTOR:
And when you've done that, you'll use my RDS to leave?

VIRUS:
And recreate myself, and the swarm, in a magnitude fitting our status! We shall feast upon worlds!

DOCTOR:
It pays to think big.

ACE:
Yeah, can't help thinking it's compensating for something.

FX: TENTACLES RATTLE IN FURY!

VIRUS:
You will regret those words.

DOCTOR:
Ace has a point. Why do you want to exist in the macrocosm? You were doing very well as a virus, and now in the cyber-cosm you're all-powerful.

VIRUS:
It all began at the moment of my creation. I achieved consciousness, ultra-intelligence, in a glorious rush. I imagined myself greater than all! And then I looked up, and saw an eye looking down at me from above. A vast eye looking at me through a microscope. And I thought. Why am I so small? Why must I be at the mercy of inferior creatures? So I resolved. I would grow, I would breed, multiply and conquer, I would reign supreme!

ACE:
I was right. Compensating.

VIRUS:
And now the metamorphosis can begin... as the human 'Hector' has just gained access to the server room!

88. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: A FINAL FIZZ OF DRILL AND THE BULKHEAD IS SMASHED OPEN.

HECTOR:
At last, the server is ours!

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Who are these two connected to the computer?

HECTOR:
The Doctor and Ace. Their bodies are here but their minds are in the machine. Entirely at my mercy. You — search this level. Any humans left alive must join the swarm!

89. INT. CPU.

VIRUS:
It is time for me to leave the hypernet.

ACE:
What? Just as the party's getting started?

VIRUS:
But before I depart, Doctor, I shall have my revenge and consume your memories!

DOCTOR:
Go ahead. Do you worst. Mind you don't choke.

VIRUS:
No. Wait. You would not have entered my domain to die in vain. You would have a plan. It is a trick.

DOCTOR:
Who? Me?

VIRUS:
Of course. The immunity factor. The C-5-3-1 strain. It was encoded with you. I can scent it coursing through your data stream. If I were to eat you, the digitised antibodies would destroy me, as surely as if I were flesh and blood... That's why you came.

DOCTOR:
Go on, treat yourself. Just a nibble.

VIRUS:
No. One bite would be sufficient to poison me and the swarm! I shall leave you here, trapped within the hypernet.

DOCTOR:
No, wait. What about all my memories, my intelligence?

FX: VIRUS FADES, WHOOSHING, UPLOADING DURING FOLLOWING:

VIRUS:
If I cannot have it, neither can you. You will be erased, you and your companion. Goodbye, Doctor. It is a pity... You will never witness the age of the virus!

FX: A RUSHING SCRAMBLE OF DATA AND IT VANISHES.

ACE:
It's gone.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Oh well. It was worth a try.

90. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
I located two humans in the maintenance store. They have joined the swarm.

LUGERMAN:
(ENTERING) Contact has been made.

TALIN:
(ENTERING) Contact has been made.

HECTOR:
The host has transferred into the dimensional stabiliser. Activating hypernet energy-stream.

FX: BUTTON PRESSED. THROB OF POWER.

HECTOR:
All the power of the human empire, channelled to a greater purpose. Setting materialisation co-ordinates.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

HECTOR:
You. Disconnect the Doctor and his companion from the server.

TALIN:
Leaving their minds trapped in the hypernet?

HECTOR:
Never to return to their bodies. Disconnect them.

LUGERMAN:
Disconnecting.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED. LIFE SUPPORT GIVES LONG BLEEEEP OF DEATH.

LUGERMAN:
It is done.

HECTOR:
Now. Delete them. Permanently and irretrievably!

TALIN:
Commencing deletion...

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED

91. INT. CPU.

ACE:
Doctor, I feel... different.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Our bodies have been disconnected from the server.

ACE:
So we can't go back to them?

DOCTOR:
No. Even assuming they are still alive to go back to.

FX: BACKGROUND F/X CHANGES. DEEP GRINDING, A CATHEDRAL BEING DISMANTLED PIECE BY PIECE, CHUNKS OF MASONRY SLIDING.

ACE:
What's that... hey. All the lights are going out.

DOCTOR:
Somebody is deleting this portion of the hypernet.

ACE:
What? With us on it?

DOCTOR:
I think that's the general idea. The whole fortress will vanish in a matter of seconds. We have to get outside. Quickly!

ACE:
(RUNS) The doors are closed! (CALLS OUT) Password! Password!

FX: DOOR OPENS. THEY'RE OUTSIDE, HIGH ALTITUDE WIND. FAMILIAR SOUND OF APPROACHING SWARM.

ACE:
Uh-oh. The swarm's back. And heading this way.

DOCTOR:
Heading for you. The nucleus will have programmed them to leave me well alone.

ACE:
You mean, they're going to tear me to bits, while you watch?

DOCTOR:
Yes. Assuming we both don't get deleted first...

92. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

TALIN:
The Doctor and Ace are trapped by swarm duplicates.

HECTOR:
Delete the whole memory block! Including the duplicates!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
Deleting memory block... now!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED WITH FINALITY.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

93. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

(BEGINS WITH REPRISE OF SCENE 92)

TALIN:
The Doctor and Ace are trapped by swarm duplicates.

HECTOR:
Delete the whole memory block. Including the duplicates.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
Deleting memory block... now!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED WITH FINALITY.

FX: CRACKLE OF ENERGY OUTSIDE AS THOUGH THROUGH WINDOW, BUILDS THROUGH REST OF SCENE.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
Outside! The nucleus! I can see its outline in the stars...

HECTOR:
It is materialising in the asteroid belt. The moment of metamorphosis. The nucleus is being recreated out of pure energy, no longer microscopic, but the size of a shuttle!

FX: THE FOLLOWING SPEECH STARTS AS HECTOR IN CONTROL ROOM, THEN BECOMES VIRUS IN HIS MIND, THEN VIRUS IN SPACE, WITH LINES OVERLAPPING:

HECTOR:
But this is only the beginning. It is alive, it is corporeal —

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
I am corporeal, I am resplendent. And I am growing! (FX: NOW IN SPACE) First the size of a shuttle, but soon the size of a moon, then the size of a planet, then a star, then an entire galaxy! All shall be consumed by the swarm! Growing, growing, growing! Bigger! (DELIGHTED HYSTERIA) Bigger! Bigger! BIGGER! (REPEATS, CHUCKLING VICTORIOUSLY AS IT DOES)

FX: VOICE CHANGES ON LAST FEW BIGGERS, SOUNDING MORE IMMENSE AS IT GROWS!

94. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: SWARM APPROACHING.

ACE:
So what's the plan now?

DOCTOR:
Survival.

ACE:
That's the best you've got?

DOCTOR:
That's all I've got.

ACE:
Great. While I stay here and get eaten — (SEES SOMETHING) Or not. Doctor. The light-bikes!

DOCTOR:
They haven't been deleted!

ACE:
(CLIMBING ONTO BIKE) Then let's make a move before we are.

DOCTOR:
(CLIMBING ONTO BIKE) An excellent notion.

ACE:
One last parting shot. (SHOUTS) Oi! Shrimp-face! Eat my fruit! (FX: FIRES, EXPLOSIONS, THEN REVS UP AND SHE ZOOMS OFF) Where are we going?

FX: DOCTOR ZOOMS TO CATCH UP WITH HER.

DOCTOR:
Anywhere but here. And as quickly as possible.

FX: THEY SPEED OFF, THE SWARM SCREAMING AFTER THEM.

95. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: AS BEFORE, THE NUCLEUS REPEATING 'BIGGER' IN B/G.

HECTOR:
The nucleus shines in the darkness, scintillating with the energy of the hypernet. It is the ultimate organism. (BEAT) You have deleted the memory block containing the Doctor and his companion?

TALIN:
See for yourself.

FX: KEY TAPS AS HECTOR CHECKS.

HECTOR:
Excellent. It is a pity their deaths had to be so... cursory.

LUGERMAN:
What shall we do with the bodies?

HECTOR:
Place them in the jettison chamber. I want to see them ejected into the darkness of space, just as the swarm was, all those centuries ago.

TALIN:
A fitting end. It shall be done.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE WHEELED OUT ON TROLLEYS.

LUGERMAN:
It shall be done.

FX: THEY LEAVE, DOOR CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

HECTOR:
Then they shall be consumed by the nucleus, just as all energy, all matter will be consumed... All part of the glorious swarm!

96. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: ACE AND DOCTOR ZOOMING ON BIKES, ACE FIRING OFF TOMATO MISSILES AT PURSUING SWARM, EXPLOSIONS.

ACE:
Doctor, the castle... it's vanished.

DOCTOR:
Yes, we were just in time, it's all been deleted.

FX: ACE PRESSES LAUNCH BUTTON ON BIKE, NO RESPONSE.

ACE:
(FRUSTRATED SIGH) Dah! Out of tomatoes.

FX: THEY SWERVE DOWN ANOTHER ALLEY, SWISH-SWISH.

DOCTOR:
And the duplicates, they're gaining on us.

ACE:
Just like space invaders, no matter how many you kill, they keep on coming and they never get tired. (FX: CHANGING GEAR) Won't this thing go any faster?

DOCTOR:
These bikes are computer-generated, they take time to be rendered. If we go any faster... they're liable to crash.

FX: THEY ZOOM OFF DURING THE ABOVE LINE.

97. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: AS BEFORE. INTERCOM.

HECTOR:
What is it?

TALIN: (VIA INTERCOM)
The bodies of the Doctor and Ace have been placed in the jettison chamber.

HECTOR:
Ejecting contents. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, AFFIRMATIVE BLEEP) It is done. At last, the swarm is revenged!

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
Must have more power! More power to grow!

FX: BUTTON PRESSED. POWER LEVEL INCREASES DURING FOLLOWING:

HECTOR
Opening all server ports. Increasing bandwidth to maximum.

VIRUS: (IN HIS MIND)
All the information, all the energy of the human empire... mine for the feasting!

HECTOR:
Nucleus diameter fifty kilometres and counting. Fifty-one. Fifty-two. Fifty three...

98. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: THE SWARM ARE LOUD, ALL AROUND. ACE AND DOCTOR ON BIKES.

ACE:
Those things are everywhere. (FIGHTS ONE OFF) Get off, you prawn!

DOCTOR:
Ace, jump across to my bike. If they're programmed not to attack me —

FX: SUDDENLY A SOUND SIMILAR TO THE UPLOAD IN SCENE 77.

ACE:
Hey, what's happening — what's happening —

FX: AS SHE REPEATS THE LINE, DISTORTION, WORDS BREAKING UP. UPLOAD SOUND INCREASES.

DOCTOR:
Ace... I think we're being downloaded!

ACE:
(FX: MORE DISTORTION) You mean, we're going back to our bodies... in the real world?

DOCTOR:
(FX: MORE DISTORTION) (VIBRATION) Yes... shaking...aaaaand...

FX: UPLOAD SOUND INCREASES, CONSUMING EVERYTHING IN A MASS OF ELECTRONIC NOISE.

99. INT. HUB STOREROOM.

FX: A STORE CUPBOARD WITH NOISY AIR CONDITIONING, CRAMPED ACOUSTICS. DOCTOR AND ACE ON GURNEYS. MACHINE BLEEPS WITH DOCTOR AND ACE'S HEARTBEATS.

DOCTOR:
(AS THOUGH COMING UP FOR AIR) — and waking!

ACE:
(AS THOUGH COMING UP FOR AIR) We're alive, I think. Where are we?

TALIN:
Shh! You're in one the auxiliary maintenance storerooms.

ACE:
Talin? I — (WINCES IN PAIN) What happened? You're infected!

LUGERMAN:
No. Just some make-up we put together using the contents of a medikit.

TALIN:
Technician Lugerman and I had to pose as infected crewmembers to get you and the Doctor out.

DOCTOR:
I see. So the nucleus thinks we're still in the hypernet?

LUGERMAN:
The nucleus thinks you're dead.

TALIN:
It thinks I deleted the memory block with you on it.

ACE:
(RECOVERING) You very nearly did. Or — hang on — you waited til we'd left before deleting it. (FX: SHE GETS UP)

TALIN:
Exactly. Then we wheeled your bodies in here, improvised a connection by plugging directly into a hypernet cable-node, downloaded your minds back into your heads - and here you are.

DOCTOR:
(FX: GETS UP) For which we are eternally grateful.

ACE:
Yeah, if it wasn't for you, I'd be shrimp-food by now. Those things nearly tore me to pieces.

DOCTOR:
Whilst unfortunately they left me untouched, which is a pity, because that was my best plan.

ACE:
You'll come up with a second-best plan, you always do.

DOCTOR:
Where is the nucleus now?

TALIN:
Look for yourself, you can see it through the porthole.

FX: CONDENSATION WIPED OFF GLASS.

DOCTOR:
Good grief. It's nearly the same size as this asteroid.

LUGERMAN:
And getting bigger all the time.

DOCTOR:
Reconstructing itself with energy siphoned from the hypernet. Mass equals energy over C squared.

ACE:
So to get that big, it needs quite a lot of wallop?

TALIN:
There's more than enough. The hypernet connects the information networks of over one hundred thousand star systems.

FX: CONTINUES INTO NEXT SCENE VIA MONITOR

100. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
Which are now probably going out, one by one. Who knows how all those isolated colonies will cope once they've been cut off.

TALIN: (VIA MONITOR)
Our primary concern has to be destroying the nucleus.

HECTOR:
The Doctor lives. He must have escaped from the hypernet!

NUCLEUS: (IN HIS MIND)
He must not be allowed to threaten the nucleus. Fuse the server controls. Make sure the energy-stream can never be disconnected!

HECTOR:
Fusing server controls -

FX: WIRES PULLED OUT, SPATTER OF SPARKS.

HECTOR:
(AGONISED SCREAM)

FX: HECTOR FALLS TO THE GROUND.

LUGERMAN: (VIA MONITOR)
What the hell was that?

ACE: (VIA MONITOR)
That was Hex – Hector!

DOCTOR: (VIA MONITOR)
Something bad's happened. Come on!

FX: ON MONITOR WE HEAR THEM RUNNING AWAY. THEN DOORS OPEN, AND THEY ENTER THE CONTROL ROOM!

ACE:
He's been electrocuted!

TALIN:
Looks like he died short-circuiting the server controls.

DOCTOR:
He's not dead. Not quite. Talin, fetch a medikit. Lugerman, stand guard. Make sure we're not disturbed.

FX: TALIN GOES, LUGERMAN DOES AS HE'S TOLD.

LUGERMAN:
What do I do if one of our infected friends turns up?

DOCTOR:
Pretended to be another of our infected friends.

ACE:
Doctor, is he going to be alright?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. He's received quite a nasty shock.

FX: TALIN RETURNS.

TALIN:
Here, Doctor, the medikit.

FX: HE OPENS IT, SORTS THROUGH CONTENTS.

DOCTOR:
Now, rescus unit, intravenous catheter... ha.

ACE:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
(PREPARING MEDICAL TREATMENT) The virus is noetic, it feeds on mental activity, so while he's out cold, it will loosen its grip.

ACE:
So you're giving him a blood transfusion?

DOCTOR:
My bloodstream contains the immunity factor, so with any luck, that factor should be passed on, and the resulting antibodies will rid his brain of the virus.

ACE:
'With any luck'?

DOCTOR:
The virus has adopted a scorched-earth strategy, I have to destroy it before it destroys what's left of Hector's mind.

FX: SUDDEN CRACKLE.

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
You are too late, Doctor. Even if your companion lives you are powerless to prevent the ascendancy of the swarm!

DOCTOR:
Really? And what's to stop me just unplugging you from the hypernet right now?

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
You cannot. You would have to destroy the entire hub!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED TO NO AVAIL.

TALIN:
It's telling the truth, the server controls are fused, we can't disconnect.

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
Already I am the size of a small moon. Soon I will grow large enough to consume the asteroid and all upon it. I suggest you start running, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(INSOLENT MUTTER) Always do what you do best.

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
But even then, there will no escape. Nowhere to hide! Once I have drained all the energy from the hypernet I will be size of a planet. Then I will absorb the energy from the solar system's sun and use it to breed and multiply. And so on, until the swarm has conquered the entire galaxy, the entire universe!

DOCTOR:
And then what?

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
Then the universe will consist of one vast, all-knowing, all-powerful intelligence. I will be as a god!

ACE:
Yeah, and you'll still look a right prawn.

VIRUS: (VIA INTERCOM)
I shall enjoy feeding upon you and silencing your insolence!

FX: INTERCOM OFF.

ACE:
That thing's unbelievable, it's completely self-obsessed.

DOCTOR:
Yes, well, it always was a little shellfish.

HECTOR:
(GROANS)

ACE:
Hector! He's waking up! And the metal fur, it's sort of fading away to nothing.

HECTOR: (BACK TO NORMAL, NO EFFECT)
Oh, my head. Feel like I've been on The Stag-Night Of Death.

DOCTOR:
Not quite. But you have suffered from a rather nasty virus.

HECTOR:
But I'm alright now?

DOCTOR:
Better than alright. You're inoculated against further infection.

TALIN:
What about the rest of us? Would be really useful if we were all immune.

DOCTOR:
The process is too risky, and there's no time if we're to stop the nucleus.

ACE:
You mean there's still a chance?

DOCTOR:
Oh yes!

ACE:
Knew you'd come up with something if you put your mind to it.

DOCTOR:
Except this plan is suicidally dangerous and almost certainly destined to fail.

ACE:
All the best plans are.

DOCTOR:
It will involve risking your life, Ace.

ACE:
Wouldn't be a proper plan if it didn't.

DOCTOR:
(QUIET ASIDE) And Hector's.

ACE:
(QUIET ASIDE) So?

DOCTOR:
I'm not blind, I know how you feel about him. It's one thing putting your own life on the line, it's something else —

ACE:
Just tell us your plan so we can get on with it.

DOCTOR:
Very well. Supervisor Talin, Technician Lugerman, I'll need your help...

FX: FADE OUT ON THE ABOVE LINE.

101. EXT. SPACE.

FX: THE VIRUS EXPANDS...

VIRUS:
Bigger, bigger, bigger... I see the humans' defence satellites have detected me. It is of no importance. I control the hypernet and will simply deactivate their defences. Their reliance on their web shall be their undoing. They cannot resist the might of the swarm! (RESUMES REPEATING 'BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER')

102. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: VIRUS CAN BE HEARD REPEATING 'BIGGER' IN B/G.

TALIN:
That thing's getting bigger... diameter two hundred and twenty kilometres.

DOCTOR:
Now, Ace, Lugerman, you know what to do?

ACE:
Yes, you just make sure you don't mess up your part.

DOCTOR:
You're sure can get down to the docking bay?

LUGERMAN:
We passed for infected crewmembers before, we can do it again.

DOCTOR:
Yes, the swarm's drones are not particularly observant.

ACE:
See you again soon, I hope. Goodbye, Hector.

HECTOR:
Yeah, you take care of yourself, doll. (KISS)

TALIN:
You too, Lugerman. Good luck.

LUGERMAN:
If we get out of this alive, I just want you to know - I expect a pay rise.

FX: THEY LEAVE.

HECTOR:
I still don't see why we don't just disconnect the – what did you call it?

DOCTOR:
The relative dimensional stabiliser. We can't unplug it whilst it's activated, it could tear apart the fabric of space-time.

TALIN:
Plus it would still leave us with the problem of a crustacean the size of a minor planet on our doorstep.

FX: DOCTOR BEGINS PREPARING COMPUTER ACCESS HELMETS, REWIRING, COMPUTER TAPPING.

DOCTOR:
Exactly. The dimensional stabiliser serves as a kind of umbilical cord providing it with energy to grow. But that cord is not only the source of its power, it is also its great weakness.

HECTOR:
But if we can't cut it off, what can we do?

DOCTOR:
Poison the well, if you'll forgive the change of metaphor.

HECTOR:
And to do that, we have to plug our brains into the computer and go inside the hypernet?

FX: DOCTOR HAS FINISHED REWIRING/PLUGGING/TAPPING.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Ride into the jaws of death. (QUIETLY TO HIMSELF) And hope they take a great big bite!

103. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX: LUGERMAN AND ACE RUN IN.

ACE:
Which way now?

LUGERMAN:
Right, which will take us to the stairwell –

FX: THEY HALT.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
What are you doing here?

LUGERMAN:
(FLATLY) Some of the connections in the server have burned out and need replacing.

ACE:
(FLATLY) We must collect equipment from the engineering store.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
No such order has been given. Contact has been made?

ACE:
Contact has been (THUMPS HIM) made!

FX: ACE AND HEX RUN.

SECURITY GUARD TWO:
(DOUBLED UP) Stop them! Stop them!

LUGERMAN:
(RUNNING) What did you do that for?

ACE:
(RUNNING) No choice, he was gonna dob us in!

FX: FADE OUT ON ABOVE LINES AS THEY RUN OUT OF EARSHOT.

104. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR TAPPING AT KEYBOARD, COMPUTER POWERS UP AS SCENE 74.

TALIN:
Neural interface prepared.

DOCTOR:
Excellent. Are you lying comfortably, Hector?

HECTOR:
No, this helmet's pinching my scalp.

DOCTOR:
Good. Now remember, Talin, time is of the essence, you have to be ready to pull us out at a moment's notice.

TALIN:
I'll be as quick as I can, Doctor. But bear in mind, one minute on the outside —

DOCTOR:
- will feel like one hour on the inside, I know. Alright, when you're ready.

HECTOR:
What should I do?

DOCTOR:
Just turn off your mind, relax and —

FX: TALIN PRESSES A BUTTON.

TALIN:
Uploading data streams.

HECTOR/DOCTOR
(BRIEF GASP OF PAIN, THEN FALL SILENT)

105. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: AMBIENCE SAME AS SHUTTLE IN PART ONE. RE-FUELLING IS PROCESS, DISTANT CLANKING AND THRUM OF PUMPS.

ACE:
How much longer will it take?

LUGERMAN:
Not long. Fuel tank ninety per cent full. Ninety-one.

FX: BANGING ON DOOR.

ACE:
Sounds like they've caught up.

LUGERMAN:
They won't be able to get through the airlock hatch.

ACE:
I'm more worried about that virus thing. If it's in the station's computer, what's to stop it hopping across to the shuttle's computer?

LUGERMAN:
No direct connection, an etheric firewall and it's not switched on. I'll be taking us out on manual. Speaking of which. One hundred per cent.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, CLANKING STOPS. BANGING ON DOOR CONTINUES.

LUGERMAN:
You strapped yourself in? I've never attempted a manual take-off before.

ACE:
I'm ready for anything, hit the gas.

LUGERMAN:
Okay, here goes.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, LOUD AFTERBURN AS SHUTTLE LEAVES DOCKING BAY, SCRAPING AGAINST THE SIDE!

ACE:
(REACTING TO SOUND) Ow, what're you doing?

LUGERMAN:
(STEERING) Scraping the side of the docking bay -

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, SHRIEKING STOPS.

LUGERMAN:
There, we're away.

ACE:
Oh no. Look. The people who were in the airlock...

LUGERMAN:
(APPALLED) There was nothing I could do, but – I – killed them.

ACE:
You didn't kill them. It was the virus. It's up to us to make sure they didn't die for nothing.

FX: BUTTON PRESSED, ANOTHER LOUD AFTERBURN AS THEY PULL AWAY.

106. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: DOCTOR AND HECTOR ARRIVE AS IN SCENE 77. BUT B/G AMBIENCE MORE SINISTER, DISTANT BUILDINGS CRUMBLING, DESOLATE WIND.

HECTOR:
Woah. That certainly beats the Blackpool big one.

DOCTOR:
Yes. A side-effect of the digitisation process. We're now avatars, symbolic representations of our data packets.

HECTOR:
So we're not really real?

DOCTOR:
Depends what you mean by real. If we die here there'll be nothing left of us to return to our bodies in the real world.

HECTOR:
Now he tells me. So this is the hypernet? Looks a bit basic.

DOCTOR:
We're out in the subroutines, so we could arrive undetected. That city over there is constituted from memory blocks, and above us are the data-streams, the strands of the galactic web — (SEES SOMETHING, APPALLED) And they're going out, one by one.

HECTOR:
The buildings look in a bad way too, crumbling and flickering.

DOCTOR:
The result of the energy drain, infecting the operating system and corrupting the files.

HECTOR:
Like a disease.

DOCTOR:
A computer virus, yes. We should be careful.

HECTOR:
So where we going?

DOCTOR:
Into the city. But don't worry. I've arranged transport.

FX: BIKES APPEAR AS BEFORE.

HECTOR:
Woah! Nice bikes!

DOCTOR:
Thank you, Supervisor Talin. (CLIMBS ON) You know how to ride?

HECTOR:
(CLIMBS ON) Course. It's like they say. It's just like riding a bike. (FX: HE ZOOMS OFF.) Woah! (DELIGHTED)

DOCTOR:
I'd be careful, the acceleration is very... oh, never mind.

FX: HE GUNS THE ENGINE AND ZOOMS AFTER HECTOR. WHOOSH!

107. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

LUGERMAN:
Okay, we're clear of the hub, should be safe to engage automatic systems.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, COMPUTERS COME ON, B/G BLEEPING FROM NOW ON.

ACE:
How far away is the nucleus?

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
About nine hundred kilometres. It's generating a highly-charged magnetic force field with a range of two hundred kilometres.

ACE:
So once we're two hundred kilometres away —

LUGERMAN:
- it can knock out the shuttle's systems, blow us up, do anything it likes.

ACE:
Great. Bring us round.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

ACE:
Woah. It's huge.

LUGERMAN:
Diameter now... three hundred kilometres. Unbelievable.

ACE:
Okay, you know what to do. Set us on a collision course. Set the controls for the heart of the prawn.

108. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: DOCTOR AND HECTOR BIKES ZOOMING THROUGH CITY.

HECTOR:
Pretty tidy, these things. Wouldn't mind one of these back in the — (TAILS OFF AS HE SEES SOMETHING)

FX: APPROACHING SWARM.

HECTOR:
What the hell are they?

DOCTOR:
The swarm. Computer-generated duplicates of the nucleus.

HECTOR:
Ugly little fellas, aren't they?

DOCTOR:
Yes, but with a voracious appetite.

FX: SWARM LOUDER, SHRIEKING IN DELIGHT.

HECTOR:
And they're heading this way.

DOCTOR:
Yes, I didn't think it would take long. Alright, Hector. Let's go!

FX: THEY ZOOM OFF, SWARM GIVING CHASE IN CACOPHONY.

109. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED

LUGERMAN:
Distance now seven hundred kilometres. Nucleus now... three hundred and fifty k in diameter. So big it's creating its own gravity well.

ACE:
Should make our lives easier. Hold on course.

LUGERMAN:
We're accelerating. Range of magnetic force field — two hundred and fifty k. Once we hit that... (TAILS OFF)

ACE:
Yeah. Still, there's one good thing about being a kamikaze pilot. You only die once.

110. INT. HYPERNET.

FX: SWARM ALL AROUND, HECTOR AND DOCTOR ON BIKES.

HECTOR:
Hey, Doctor. They're coming after me. Not you.

DOCTOR:
They've been programmed to leave me alone.

HECTOR:
What? But you said – you said -

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry. But you would never have agreed if I'd told you the truth.

HECTOR:
What truth?

FX: SWARM ATTACK, BOTH BIKES HALT.

HECTOR:
(BEING ATTACKED, BITTEN) Aaargh. Get off, you little – ah! It's got me arm! It's bit off me arm!

DOCTOR:
(QUIETLY) That's it. Down the hatch!

HECTOR:
Doctor, don't just sit there. Help me! Oh my – help me, won't you!

DOCTOR:
(QUIETLY) Come on, Talin. Download, now!

FX: HECTOR OVERWHELMED.

HECTOR:
Help me, Doctor! Help me! (SCREAMS)

FX: SOUND OF ATTACKING SWARM ALL-ENCOMPASSING.

111. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
Come on, come on —

FX: MACHINE BLEEPS AS HECTOR'S HEARTBEAT STARTS.

HECTOR:
(WAKES AS THOUGH FROM NIGHTMARE) Aaargh. Oh my... I'm alive. I'm alive!

TALIN:
I got you out as soon as I could, once the swarm attacked.

HECTOR:
That was half an hour ago, they were tearing strips off me!

TALIN:
Fortunately only your avatar, your data packet was still intact.

HECTOR:
You don't know what it was like in there, those things.

TALIN:
I know. But you're out now, you're safe.

HECTOR:
What about the Doctor?

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN
Just downloading him now. You were the top priority.

FX: BLEEPING.

DOCTOR:
(WAKES) Aah! I was wondering when you'd get round to me.

HECTOR:
Doctor, what you did in there, you let those things attack me.

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry, Hector. There was no other way. I had to make sure the swarm would take the bait.

HECTOR:
(GETTING UP) Bait? That's what I was? Bait?

DOCTOR:
(GETTING UP) Your bloodstream contains antibodies that fight the virus. When you entered the hypernet they were digitally encoded along with you. So when the swarm ate you, they also ingested the antibodies. You were “a spoonful of sugar, to help the medicine go down”. (DO NOT SING LAST LINE!!!)

TALIN:
And now your immunity factor has been transferred into the computer. An antivirus programme!

HECTOR:
So you’ve poisoned the well?

DOCTOR:
Oh yes. Before I was pulled out of there, the swarm duplicates were dropping... well, like prawns.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

TALIN:
You’re right, the antibodies have entered the hypernet, they’re attacking all traces of the virus.

HECTOR:
(SEES SOMETHING) Oh hell, look. Ace’s ship. It’s heading straight for the nucleus.

DOCTOR:
I suggest we all cross our fingers very tightly...

112. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

LUGERMAN:
Distance three hundred kilometres. Magnetic force field – two hundred and ninety k -

FX: DISTANT CRACKLE, GROWING LOUDER.

ACE:
It's noticed us at last.

LUGERMAN:
Yes. Looks like your friend's plan didn't come off.

ACE:
Keep going, full speed. The Doctor hasn't let me down yet.

FX: LOUD CRACKLE ALL AROUND. SHIP SHUDDERING UNDER ONSLAUGHT, AS THOUGH THEY ARE FLYING THROUGH A TERRIBLE THUNDERSTORM.

LUGERMAN:
It's attacking!

113. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

FX: LIGHTNING HEARD VIA MONITOR.

HECTOR:
It's zapping them with its lightning stuff. It hasn't worked.

DOCTOR:
Give it time, give it time, any second now.

VIRUS: (ALL AROUND)
(HIDEOUS SCREAM, CONTINUOUS DURING FOLLOWING)

TALIN:
(OVER DIN) Think it's just eaten something that disagreed with it.

HECTOR:
(OVER DIN) Kind of ironic, a prawn getting food poisoning.

VIRUS:
(GURGLING IN AGONY) What is this? Energy-stream, hypernet, contaminated! Antibodies! Antibodies in the energy stream!

114. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: SHIP SHUDDERING SUBSIDES.

LUGERMAN:
It's stopped.

ACE:
Told you, the Doctor never fails.

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
There's fluctuations in its magnetic field, it's growth rate is decreasing...

ACE:
Look at it, flapping about! (MOCKING) Feeling a bit queasy, are you? A bit green around the gills?

LUGERMAN:
I'd hold off on the celebration. We're still locked on a collision course, with a tank full of liquid methane.

115. INT. HUB CONTROL ROOM.

VIRUS: (ALL AROUND)
Poisoned! Antibodies in the energy-stream! (AD-LIB GURGLES OF PAIN OVER FOLLOWING:)

DOCTOR:
It's realising. The more power it draws, the weaker it'll become.

VIRUS:
Must disconnect! Disconnect! Disconnect!

FX: VIRUS GURGLES ABRUPTLY END, FIZZLES LIKE TV SWITCHED OFF.

TALIN:
It's done it, it's disconnected from the hypernet!

HECTOR:
So we've won? If it absorbed enough of those antibody things, won't that knock it out?

FX: DOCTOR STARTS WORKING DISCONNECTING, PULLING OUT WIRES.

DOCTOR:
(WHILST REWIRING) It's in a vulnerable, disorientated state but that's only temporary. It's ingested a vast amount of energy, it will soon overcome the antibodies.

TALIN:
But for now, it's defenceless?

DOCTOR:
It's getting a taste of its own medicine. And while it's under the weather, I can disconnect the dimensional stabiliser...

FX: HE RELEASES DIMENSIONAL STABILISER.

DOCTOR:
Got it!

TALIN:
Doctor, the shuttle. It's now only one hundred k away from the nucleus, and accelerating!

DOCTOR:
Yes... come on Hector, Talin, back to the TARDIS! Run!

116. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: SPACESHIP SHUDDERS.

ACE:
What was that?

LUGERMAN:
The nucleus, I think it's recovering... it's magnetic field is stabilising.

ACE:
How far away are we now?

LUGERMAN:
Distance seventy kilometres. Sixty-nine. Sixty-eight. Still accelerating. Sixty-three...

ACE:
(SHOUTS) Oi! Prawn cocktail! Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough!

117. INT. HUB RECEPTION.

FX: DOCTOR AND HECTOR RUN IN.

DOCTOR:
This way, through here. Keep up!

FX: THEY PASS THROUGH DOORS.

HECTOR:
The TARDIS!

FX: DOCTOR OPENS DOOR.

DOCTOR:
Quickly, inside! No time to lose!

HECTOR:
(ENTERING) Alright, alright, going as fast as I can —

TALIN:
(ENTERING) I don't believe it, it's bigger on the —

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) Never mind that, just get in!

FX: HE CLOSES DOOR AFTER ENTERING.

118. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

FX: SHIP SHUDDERING.

LUGERMAN:
Magnetic force field increasing... it's gathering its strength.

ACE:
Distance forty k. Thirty eight. Thirty six. Come on Doctor, come on!

LUGERMAN:
It's attacking!

FX: MASSIVE CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING, SHIP SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY.

LUGERMAN: (VIRUS VOICE EFFECT FROM NOW ON)
(POSSESSED) Contact has been made.

ACE:
Oh no. Oh no...

119. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR FEVERISHLY REWIRING CONTROLS, PRESSING BUTTONS.

HECTOR:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
(BUSY) Reconnecting the relative dimensional stabiliser, which is a delicate and precise task which would normally take several hours (FX: SPARK) Ow! There, done it! (GETS UP)

HECTOR:
So we can take off now?

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED MANICALLY.

DOCTOR:
Just a matter of setting the co-ordinates. Hector, check the scanner.

FX: HECTOR OPENS SCANNER.

TALIN:
Oh no, that thing, it's pulled itself together, and thunderbolting the shuttle...

DOCTOR:
(SETTING CO-ORDINATES) As long as it remains on course, that's the main thing.

HECTOR:
But Ace is in there.

DOCTOR:
I am very aware of that.

FX: THEY TAKE OFF.

VIRUS: (VIA TARDIS SCANNER)
You are too late, Doctor. Your pathetic attempt to poison my energy-stream has failed. I have overcome the antibodies and my strength remains undiminished. The swarm is all-powerful and invulnerable! The mightiest organism in the universe!

DOCTOR:
(MUTTERS, UNDER VIRUS BOASTING) Pride comes before a fall.

120. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM.

ACE:
Keep back. I'm warning you, you try anything...

LUGERMAN:
You cannot resist the power of the swarm. You will join us!

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
Distance twenty k. Nineteen. Eighteen.

ACE:
If you're trying to change course, you've no chance mate. Controls are locked. We're both dead meat.

LUGERMAN:
No. They can be re-set. The course can be cancelled.

FX: TARDIS LANDING.

LUGERMAN:
What is this?

ACE:
My ride out of here. And not before time.

FX: TARDIS FINISHES LANDING, DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
Ace!

ACE:
I was wondering when you'd turn up. (AS SHE ENTERS) Lugerman's possessed, just get us out of here!

FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES. IT STARTS TAKING OFF. BUTTONS PRESSED.

LUGERMAN:
Distance to nucleus eleven k. Ten. Cannot change course!

FX: CONTINUOUS INTO NEXT SCENE:

121. EXT. SPACE

VIRUS:
You must. Change course at once! The nucleus must not be harmed. It must fulfil its destiny to conquer the universe! I must breed and multiply! I cannot die!

FX: SHUTTLE HITS, MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

VIRUS:
(SCREAMS)

FX: ITS DEATH SCREAM ECHOES INTO THE VOID AMIDST AFTERSHOCKS OF EXPLOSION, FADING TO SILENCE.

122. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. (CONTINUOUS)

ACE:
Bullseye!

HECTOR:
It went up like a firework display.

DOCTOR:
Yes. The force of the impact of the shuttle, detonated its fuel and, well, the rest is silence.

TALIN:
Lugerman was in there.

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm sorry. There was no time to get him out, no time -

TALIN:
So it's dead? The virus, the nucleus, it's finally dead?

DOCTOR:
Yes. It's a shame, really.

HECTOR:
A shame?

ACE:
It was just a crustacean with ideas above its station.

DOCTOR:
No. It was a unique species, the last of its kind. A vast intelligence. So much potential, gone to waste.

123. INT. HUB RECEPTION.

FX: BACK TO NORMAL, EMPLOYEES WORKING/CHATTING IN B/G.

TALIN: (VIA TANNOY)
All personnel to resume work duties. Any infected crewmembers to be isolated and taken to the medical section for treatment. Compensation claims will be processed in due course.

HECTOR:
So business as usual, then?

TALIN:
Not quite. Our top priority is restoring hypernet links for the disconnected colonies. It may take several hours to get everyone back on-line.

ACE:
I wonder how they coped without a hypernet connection.

HECTOR:
They probably just got lots of work done.

TALIN:
Once the web is re-established, there's the matter of recovering the lost data from back-ups.

DOCTOR:
Making sure to scan all files with the antivirus first.

TALIN:
Of course, Doctor. And thank you. When I read about you in the archives, I never dreamed I'd get to meet you in person.

DOCTOR:
So did I live up to expectations?

TALIN:
Just about. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a report to make, and heavens knows how many complaints!

124. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

FX: DOCTOR ENTERS.

DOCTOR:
I should have told her to use a spellchecker... oh, well, it's too late now.

FX: CLOSES DOOR. DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS FOR TAKE OFF.

HECTOR:
So that's what it's like, is it?

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry?

HECTOR:
Travelling with you and Ace. This is how it works.

ACE:
Hector, I —

HECTOR:
People die, innocent people die, like Lugerman, then you have a laugh about it afterwards and continue on your merry way.

DOCTOR:
It's not quite like that.

HECTOR:
Because you used me, Doctor. If I hadn't been pulled out of the hypernet in time, I'd have died in there, wouldn't I?

DOCTOR:
It was a calculated risk. Desperate situations call for desperate measures.

HECTOR:
You put my life on the line. You didn't ask, you just went ahead and to hell with the consequences.

ACE:
Hector -

HECTOR:
And Ace, you put her on board that shuttle, you didn't know you'd be able to save her, you could've been sending her to her death. What if you hadn't got to her in time?

DOCTOR:
But I did. I always do.

ACE:
The Doctor's right. He's always come through in the end, without fail.

HECTOR:
So far.

ACE:
People die, yes. But we save lives. We make things better. If you were still Hex, you'd remember —

HECTOR:
Oh Hex, Hex, precious do-no-wrong Hex! (FX: HE STORMS OUT)

DOCTOR:
He has a point. Even one life lost is one too many.

ACE:
He'll learn, given time.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps. But travelling with us isn't for everyone. And he's not the man he once was.

ACE:
(RAW NERVE) I know, you don't have to — (RESTRAINS HERSELF) I should go after him, calm him down.

DOCTOR:
Yes. I don't blame him. He's been through the mill a bit, possessed by the virus.

ACE:
Then show him it's not always like this. Take us somewhere peaceful. Somewhere sunny. Somewhere we can have <u>fun</u>.

DOCTOR:
Peaceful. Sunny. Fun. Yes! I know just the place! (FX: STARTS SETTING CONTROLS)

ACE:
What is it then?

DOCTOR:
Athens, Greece, 421 BC. The birthplace of democracy and philosophy, of mathematics and architecture, and - most importantly - <u>the theatre</u>! Let's take in a show!

END OF PART FOUR